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# THE GRAIL



# The Grail

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### Our Cover Designer

The beautiful covers of the past year were the work of Leonard Burland of Webster Groves, Missouri. Mr. Burland is now in the United States Army Air Corps and is doing service overseas. The present cover and those for the next three issues are the work of Miss Margaret Reynolds. Miss Reynolds is a native of Salt Lake City, Utah. She studied art in Buena Vista College, Storm Lake, Iowa—in which College she is now on the Art faculty—in the Ringling School of Art, Sarasota, Florida, and in the Chicago Art Institute.

## THE GRAIL

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# BETWEEN THE LINES

H. C. McGinnis

## The Congressional Revolt

**W**HEN a very tired and thoroughly angry Congress recessed last month, it temporarily ended a session the like of which this country hasn't witnessed in more than a decade. While everything it did in its display of temper may not have been right, any mistakes it may have made may be condoned by kindly souls because it finally awakened to realize its constitutional functions. Constitutional democracy cannot long exist when the people's elected legislative representatives become a rubber stamp for the executive branch. The very ideologies against which we are now fighting a global and costly war are products of governments which succumbed to one-man control. In recent years we have been veering too closely and altogether too dangerously to this fatal behavior.

Why did Congress finally come to life and snap out of its habit of yessing the White House? Before trying to solve this riddle, we must first realize that, right now, no Congressional revolt can be the result of partisan motives. With a Democratic majority in both Houses, Republicans, even when animated by purely partisan motives, can do nothing successfully unless joined by a necessary number of the opposition. Why did these Democrats do a right-about-face? Before trying to answer this, perhaps we had better first divide these defections from the New Deal banners into three general groups. First there are those New Dealers who, although submitting to the political necessity of assuming a political dress and normally following party lines, have always placed their Americanism ahead of their politics. Secondly we have those who, normally stoutly partisan, swung to their almost submerged ideals of constitutional democracy in the greatest govern-

mental crisis to occur in their lives. Thirdly we have that group which was swept into office very unexpectedly by avalanches of New Deal votes. Being confirmed gravy-train riders, they followed their political acumen and played a winning horse to the limit. Now, faced with the possibility that 1944 may bring an avalanche in exactly the opposite direction, they decided to swap horses and finally listen to the floods of telegrams, letters, and spoken appeals from their constituents, appeals which have literally kept them sleepless at times by their very volume and intensity.

These motives aside, what current issues caused Congress to stage a wartime revolt against the executive branch? Obviously we cannot discuss all the issues nor discuss any of them in detail in this limited space, for millions of words freighted with ominous meaning have ascended to the Capitol's dome since this Congress convened. Sometimes these heated debates were little more than acrimonious partisan bickerings, but in the main they were the reflections of the public's growing conviction that something is mighty smelly in Washington. Yet, while reviewing briefly Congress's new independence, we must remember that, through it all, Congress never hesitated to pass legislation or grant appropriations necessary to the war's successful prosecution. When military front questions arose, Democrats and Republicans joined hands and expedited matters. The ruckus was entirely occasioned by the home front situation.

In setting down the reasons for this Congressional concern over the home front, we and our motives cannot be criticised if we refrain from putting words into the mouths of our Congressmen and instead let them talk for themselves. Therefore we

shall lean heavily upon quotations from the Congressional Record. However, we may summarize the main reasons for the recent Congressional resentment against existing conditions. First, there is the alarming increase and undemocratic insolence of bureaucracy, a question with which the general public is now becoming very familiar. Then comes the bungled handling of the food situation and of our general civilian economy. Next comes disgust at administration vacillation on home front issues, particularly the labor situation. Then, persistent administration attempts to slyly muzzle the press and to divert from the public most of that information vitally necessary to an intelligently functioning democracy. Next, Congressional alarm over the numerous appointments of alleged Reds, Pinks, and others of un-American ilk to key positions. Finally we have the growing Congressional conviction that altogether too many vitally important issues are being subordinated to fourth-term politics. Let us very briefly touch upon the facts behind some of these Congressional contentions.

First there is the increase in bureaucracy. Democratic Senator Byrd's recent report to Congress is well known. The Senator revealed that the Federal government now has more people on the tax-payer's payroll than the combined total of all the 48 States, plus all the employees of the nation's county and municipal governments. This excludes those in the military services. In Pennsylvania, for example, there are about 44,500 State employees and 215,000 Federal employees. Today we have one Federal employe for every 45 persons; in Jefferson's time we had one for every 5308 persons. On March 4, 1933, when the administration took over, we had 563,827

government employees. Now we have well over 3,000,000 and Senator Byrd reports that the administration is increasing its employees almost fifty percent every six months. On the age-old political-machine assumption of five votes from every payroller, the administration should soon be able to perpetuate itself in office indefinitely. Speaking of this, Congressman Woodruff said in Congress, July 6: "Mr. Speaker, one of the causes of the American Revolution was the number of Government employees sent by the Tory Government of England to govern the actions of the colonists. Accusing the King personally of this form of oppression, the Declaration of Independence stated that 'He has erected a swarm of new offices and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out their substance.' The right to home rule, the right to govern themselves through officers of their own choosing, the right to change those officers whenever they should not serve the common interest—these were some of the reasons for the revolt against the Government of those days. During the last few years those same reasons have returned again to menace our freedom . . . . Herein lies a grave danger to our continued freedom: That thousands of those who govern us are not subject to the people's control. They are appointed by entrenched bureaucracies in Washington . . . . The King's officers in the American colonies and the absentee landlords of Ireland never created a situation more inimical to the liberties of a people than does the presence of Federal employees extending their power into even the most remote villages of America . . . . Federal officials and Federal officeholders are permanent residents of every city and county, almost of every block and township."

In the same vein, said Senator McKellar, June 4: "The Alley Dwelling Authority receives an appropriation from the Congress of \$12,000, and it has 8 men on its rolls receiving \$44,800. I do not know how much the others (234) receive. However, according to that, I am just wondering where in the name of heaven the

Alley Dwelling Authority gets \$44,800 to pay the 8 men receiving over \$4,500 each in salary, when the Congress appropriates only \$12,000. It is a species of financial ledger-dream which I cannot understand."

Recently Elmer Davis, head of the OWI, asked Congress for 34½ million dollars for the next fiscal year. The cost of running Congress, with its \$10,000 a year salaries of 535 Senators and Representatives, the pay of all their secretaries, clerks, plus many other Congressional employees, runs only 13 1/3 millions. The cost of the entire Federal judiciary, including the pay of the Supreme Court justices, appellate judges, district judges, U.S. marshals and their deputies, runs only 12½ millions.

As to the bungling of our food situation and other civilian economies, we need review little. The public is generally aware of the mess we are in and the dangers which threaten. The bungling becomes all too plain when we realize that the nation's cattle ranges now hold twenty percent more cattle than at any previous time. Yet meat gets scarcer. Perhaps we suffer from too many O.P.A. regulations. Said Congressman Woodruff: "The O.P.A.'s regulations controlling business transactions fill 5 thick volumes with 11,000,000 words." The soundness of these words may be judged by the recent O.P.A. announcement just when Congress was trying to decide its usefulness or uselessness that, after a momentous conclave of O.P.A. brains, that organization had finally decided not to place restrictions on artichoke hearts pickled in wine-vinegar! No wonder Congressmen snorted in bafflement and disgust, with a war on and the nation, and the world, facing most serious food shortages! Food production, politics, prices, and assistant economic professors simply don't mix! Incidentally, it took 500 O.P.A. lawyers to compile the above 5 volumes and 2200 more to enforce them. England's corresponding bureau has 10. Based on population, we should have about 35 at the same rate. It is interesting to note that, in asking for its appropriation for

the next fiscal year, the O.P.A. very naively suggested that it could roll back prices five percent by adding 1400 more inspectors to the present force of 3500 inspectors. Said Congressman Compton: "After two years of O.P.A., pot roast has jumped 156% in cost; Irish potatoes, 256%; cabbage, 200%; and eggs, 56% . . . . Besides the 1400 new investigators they want 18,500 more employees for the whole country to bring the total in 1944 up to 70,000."

The most definite lack of home front policies has been another cause of alarm in a wartime Congress. The administration guides itself by a day-to-day ideology, hopping hither, thither and yon as politics dictate. With strikes and labor unrest continuing, Congressman Engel from Michigan made a 44 day inspection tour of 47 war plants. He found machine-gun assemblers being paid as high as \$8,740 yearly. Army machine-gunners do the same job for \$50—and blindfolded at that if they want to pass their tests! Further, said Engel: "At Fort Devens, Mass., an Army post, the Government advertised for girls to learn to repair shoes. They advertised they would pay \$55.80 per week . . . The Government was actually paying these girls \$55.80 per week to learn how to repair shoes."

The efforts to muzzle the press and the very indirect, but nonetheless very definite, efforts to impose an unnecessary censorship which are being attempted are matters of real concern to everyone. So important are they that they must be discussed in greater detail later. When our free press falls, our democracy falls. This threat has received much attention from the present Congress and its arguments were all based upon documented evidence. This threat, plus the continued appointment of social reformers with strange ideologies to important positions, plus the growing predominance of fourth-term politics over all domestic needs, have made many of our Congressmen decide, regardless of party, that right now and immediately is the time for all good Americans to come to the aid of our democracy.



# MARMION ACADEMY BECOMES A PRIORY

*Wulstan Mork, O.S.B.*

**T**HIS PRESENT year will ever be memorable for the monks of St. Meinrad's Abbey and their friends. For on August 1 their foundation at Aurora, Illinois, Marmion Military Academy, was raised to the rank of a Priory by the Rt. Rev. Ignatius Esser, O.S.B., Abbot of St. Meinrad's Abbey. The new dignity comes after ten complete years of service, the monks having taken formal possession of the school on July 31, 1933. Since that date they have labored hard and successfully and this June have seen their school given the status of Honor Military School by the Adjutant General at Washington, with congratulations from the Secretary of War.

Appointed by Abbot Ignatius to head the new community as Prior is the Very Rev. Gilbert Hess, O.S.B., who, on August 1, took up the work of guiding the activities of the monks in the Priory and in the school.

Marmion Priory, which will still remain dependent on St. Meinrad's Abbey, is this monastery's second direct foundation. The other is St. Joseph's Abbey at St. Benedict, Louisiana, begun in 1889. St. Meinrad has also co-operated with the Abbey of Einsiedeln in Switzerland in the founding of New Subiaco Abbey, New Subiaco, Arkansas.

The history of Marmion is an interesting one, more-so since the school is the combination of two previously existing institutions, Jasper Academy at Jasper, Indiana, and the Fox Valley High School at Aurora.

After the fire which destroyed the monastery and seminary at St. Meinrad in 1887, the people of the neighboring city of Jasper invited the monks to build their Abbey in their midst instead of rebuilding at St. Meinrad. Although this offer was not accepted, Abbot Fintan Mundwiler sent a group of monks thither in 1889 under the leadership of the Rev. Athanasius Schmitt, soon to be his successor as Abbot of St. Meinrad, to open a high school. Henceforth only boys who intended to study for the priesthood would be received at the Abbey's seminary, and those who were preparing for careers in the world could receive their education at Jasper College, as the new school came to be known. At first its curriculum was exclusively com-

mercial, but, when in 1912 a commission was obtained from the Indiana State Board of Education, it was revised to conform to the Commission's requirements for high schools. The name, due to much confusion, was changed from College to Jasper Academy in 1928. The small community of monks continued in its service of youth, not only of the neighborhood, but of other parts of Indiana, of Illinois, and occasionally of other States and countries, until June of 1933, when the Most Reverend Edward F. Hoban, D.D., then Bishop of Rockford invited the monks at Jasper to come to Aurora and take over Fox Valley High School. After mature consideration, and believing that the transfer of Jasper Academy to Aurora would be of far more benefit in the education of youth and that a Benedictine monastery would be of great service in the new locality, Abbot Ignatius recommended to the Abbey Chapter the change, and so it was that from the two schools, Jasper Academy, moved north to fuse with Fox Valley High



Very Reverend Gilbert Hess, O.S.B.  
Prior of Marmion

School, Marmion came into existence, July 31, 1933.

The school which the Benedictines had taken over had opened its doors to Aurora's youth in September, 1927, receiving only day-students. It was in charge of the Augustinian Fathers from Villanova, Pennsylvania, who transferred to St. Thomas High School in Rockford, which school they now conduct.

On July 31, 1933, by a happy coincidence the patronal feast of Abbot Ignatius through whom the foundation was made, the contract was signed whereby the property of Fox Valley High School was turned over to the Benedictine Fathers of St. Meinrad's Abbey by the Diocese of Rockford, and in the following September the school was re-opened as Marmion, a preparatory boarding and day school for boys and young men.

A military department was introduced in September, 1935, with the conviction that such a program would combine and coordinate "the institution's entire moral, mental, and physical training," as the catalogue for that year reads. During the following summer the name was changed to Marmion Military Academy and the institution became an essentially military school, classed as such by the United States War Department. The Department established at the school a Junior Infantry unit of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, and the Illinois National Guard, a Post. The War Department appointed a Professor of Military Science and Tactics, who would be a commissioned officer, and two non-commissioned officers, to conduct the military division of the school. The curriculum was revised to include four years of complete

military training, and at graduation, the cadet who had completed the entire course would receive a brevet commission in the Illinois National Guard, and another as Second Lieutenant in the U. S. Army Reserve Corps when he became twenty-one, provided he met all the requirements.

During the school year just past there were, besides the Superintendent, the Rev. Norbert Spitzmesser, O.S.B., and the Headmaster, the Rev. Joseph Battaglia, O.S.B., ten Benedictine Fathers, composing the faculty and fifteen officers. Major Joseph T. Tak, Inf., U.S.A., was the Professor of Military Science and Tactics, assisted by three other officers of the United States Infantry.

The enrollment has steadily increased and this past year the number of students was as follows: Se-



\* Buildings of Marmion Priory

niors, 70; Juniors, 79; Sophomores, 135; Freshmen, 164, making a total of 448.

#### Father Norbert first head of Marmion

The history of Marmion would hardly be complete without special mention being made of its Superintendent, the Rev. Norbert Spitzmesser, O.S.B. Father Norbert has been connected most vitally with Marmion from its very beginning both as the leader of the monks who made the foundation and as the continued head of the school. His connection with Marmion, however, goes back to its predecessor, Jasper Academy, for he was sent there as a professor not long after his ordination, and became its Headmaster in 1930. He was born at Greensburg, Indiana, July 17, 1892, and pronounced his vows as a Benedictine on August 15, 1911. He had the happiness of celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, May 30, 1942. However, because of ill health, Father Norbert was relieved temporarily of his responsibilities as Marmion's Headmaster on February 22, 1938, in order to allow him an opportunity to enjoy a needed rest. During his absence, the Rev. Cornelius Waldo, O.S.B., now a chaplain with the U. S. Air Corps in Australia, administered the school, but on the following June 20, Father Norbert was able to take over once more his former duties. Since that date he has acted as Superintendent with a Headmaster assisting him in the immediate conducting of the school proper. We can give no better estimate of Father Norbert's work for Marmion and of his worth to the school than to quote from the lines of dedication in the *Reveille*, the annual year-book, for 1938: "To the self-sacrificing Founder of Marmion, the Reverend Father Norbert, O.S.B., who labored untiringly to rear a school which would graduate men adequately prepared, physically, mentally, socially, and morally, to take their places in American life."

The new Prior of Marmion, the Very Reverend Gilbert Hess, O.S.B., was born in Knox Co., near

Vincennes, January 15, 1908. At the age of eighteen he received the Benedictine habit at St. Meinrad's Abbey, and one year later, August 6, 1927 made his profession. He was ordained priest May 17, 1932, and for ten years taught Latin and Greek in the Minor Seminary at St. Meinrad. While continuing his teaching duties, he received the appointment of assistant pastor at the St. Meinrad parish, September 15, 1933, which lasted until September 11 of the following year. Three days later he was made chaplain to the Catholic boys at the C.C.C. camp at Ferdinand. Graduate study at Loyola University at Chicago was followed by attendance at Indiana University at Bloomington from which he received the degree of Master of Arts in the classical languages in the summer of 1938. He continued with his classes and was Dean of the department of classical languages at St. Meinrad. He was also a Consultor in the Abbey Council from his appointment, February 18, 1941, until he was made Pastor of St. Benedict's Church, Evansville, Indiana, in the summer of 1942. Father Gilbert has served as pastor for about one year and leaves behind him a devoted congregation.

#### Evolution of an Abbey

In the elevation of Marmion to a Dependent Priory, a definite step has been taken towards its ultimately becoming, if God so wills it, an Abbey. In order that this process as well as the actual position of Marmion Priory in the Benedictine world may be better understood, some words of explanation of the Benedictine life and of its organization might be welcomed.

The normal monastery in the Order is called an Abbey, and is unlike the large houses of other Orders which do not follow the Holy Rule of St. Benedict in that each Abbey is independent. It would seem then, and it is true, that the Benedictine Order is, strictly speaking, not an Order as are those of the Franciscans and Jesuits, for example, whose members all belong to one closely organized society, having one central authority. The term Order as applied to the Benedictines

means rather a way of life, and one can safely play on the word to say that it is an ordering of one's activities according to a definite plan. And that plan which gathers all of these independent Abbeys into one harmonious Order is the Holy Rule of St. Benedict.

However, each Abbey is not completely isolated from every other. There are family ties that are very close; family is everything in the Benedictine Order, and we see it in so many ways, whether in the larger organization of the Order or in the smallest monastery.

When an Abbey is well established and has sufficient monks to carry on the works necessary for its smooth-running and for the spiritual good of the neighborhood, it will send out other monks to found a new monastery in some place where they can be of service. This new foundation will doubtless be very small and very humble. There will be need for much hard work by the pioneers, but in some new locality, the Benedictine life will begin to take shape. The liturgical services will be carried out, perhaps not in full at first, but they will not be long in coming, and eventually the Divine Office will be heard in the new choir, and another region will henceforth praise God through the monks. Boys of the neighborhood will perhaps be taken in and nearby Catholics will be cared for spiritually, and the monks will share their meals with the poor at the monastery door. Gardens will be seen, springing up in neat green rows, and fields, too, will appear orderly with new-sown grain.

If the future looks clear ahead, if the monks see that they will be able to subsist and work profitably both for the spiritual good of the faithful in the locality as well as to obtain their daily bread and that of those under their care, and if the district yields fruit back to God in the form of vocations to the new monastery and it looks as if the harvest will be steadily good, the foundation is made a Priory. This doesn't mean that it will be independent from the Abbey from which it was founded; it will maintain the same relation as before, that of father and son: a kind, provident father helping his



Reverend Norbert Spitzmesser, O.S.B.

young son make a good start in life. Hence the Priory is what is known as a dependent Priory, and continues to receive any new members from the parent Abbey, and ultimately to depend upon its Abbot for its government. The founding Abbot will appoint one of the monks to be Prior, an assistant, the Subprior, and also any other officials, if he wishes.

It may take many years to see, or it may be apparent in a comparatively short time, that the dependent Priory will become at length an Abbey, that there its monks can tranquilly live their simple life of loving God through obedience and can daily stand before Him in the choir in reverence, awe and wonder to give Him their praise, the fruit of the love of their hearts and of their

continual looking upon Him. Stability is ever dear to the Benedictine, for stability means to him, home and family. So when it is certain that this new home with its increasing family will be fixed and stable, the Holy See is petitioned by the parent Abbey to elevate the monastery to the rank of independent Priory. This means that the son is established in life and no longer needs help in so many ways from his father. Now the Priory can receive novices who will make their vows for it alone. The monks who made the foundation will transfer their vow of Stability from the former Abbey to their new home, if they so wish. The family is definitely and firmly established. Its Prior is now the sole superior, and is usually appointed for life by the Ab-

bot of the parent Abbey upon the advice of the monks of his own and of the new monastery.

One more step is necessary and that is to make the Priory an Abbey. There is really no change made in the constitution of the independent Priory when this is done, since for all practical purposes it enjoys the independence of a self-governing, self-sustaining, normal Benedictine monastery. But when the Holy See erects it into an Abbey, its superior is no longer called a Prior, but is now a prelate, entitled to many privileges, and is called Abbot. The monastery has reached its goal, and is now the normal Benedictine house.

A few words should be said here of the Abbot. He is elected by his monks for life, and hence, considering the independence of each monastery, acts truly as the father of his family. The Holy Rule of St. Benedict tells the monks that he is to be regarded as Christ, to Whom they can return by obedience to his commands. No wonder then that the Church vests this office with such privileges. An Abbot may celebrate Solemn High Mass as does a Bishop, and then it is called a Pontifical High Mass. He wears a gold cross about his neck, a ring, and for certain ceremonies, the mitre and carries a crosier. He brings the presence and authority of the Holy Father and of his representative, the Bishop, closer for his monks.

The family idea is very strong in the Order as we may well see. It persists still further. A family which consists of grown-up children who have themselves founded families, is still a closely knit unit. All feel their common relationship and this affects the lives of all in many respects. There will be a certain uniformity of thought and outlook and many of the details of life will be the same. This is true especially in the cases of families who live near one another and are in frequent communication.

So it happens in the Benedictine Order among the Abbeys sprung from a parent Abbey and among the monasteries which they found in turn. All are closely related, as children to father. Hence the monasteries which have been founded



from a particular Abbey with their own "children" group together to form what is known as a Congregation. Usually a Congregation is national, for its Abbeys have for the most part centered in the one country. The normal thing is to limit foundations in this way, and so we have the English, the French, and the two American Congregations, for example.

Each Congregation will observe certain customs and will have its own particular cut of the traditional Benedictine habit. Too, one Abbot will act as President of each Congregation, which means that he watches over the observance of the Rule and of the special practices of the Congregation in each Abbey, to see that everything is well carried out. He also acts as a special advocate with the Holy See for the other Abbeys, and presides over the elections of Abbots and confirms the choice of the monks. He is elected by the Abbots of the Congregation every few years, according to the customs of each one. Independence is still preserved, the Abbot President acting simply as a good father watching over his children's and relatives' interests.

With all this somewhat lengthy background of Benedictine life and

organization, especially in this country, it may be the better seen, we humbly hope, just what Marmion's position in the Benedictine world actually is and why its elevation to its rank of dependent Priory is a



**Very Reverend Damian Preske, O.S.B., Subprior**

cause for rejoicing for the monks of St. Meinrad's and their friends.

The monks who make up the new

Priory are, besides the Very Reverend Prior, the Very Reverend Damian Preske, Subprior, the Fathers Norbert Spitzmesser, Hubert Umberg, Joseph Battaglia, Robert Morthorst, Raymond Hubers, Columban Reed, Wilfrid Popham, Leonard Lux, Alcuin Deck, Sebastian Crow, Ernest Schnaus and the Ven. Brothers Gerard Nilan and Henry Hicking. The Rev. Maurice Patrick, who for several years has been at Marmion, has entered the Armed Forces of our country as a chaplain. (Pictures are found elsewhere in this issue of THE GRAIL.)

Marmion has also been fruitful in religious vocations. Since its opening in 1933 it has sent twelve young men to St. Meinrad's Abbey, of whom one is a priest, two are deacons, four are professed clerics, one, a novice, two are brothers, one is a candidate, and one a student in the minor seminary. All but two of these have actually attended Marmion.

Ten years have been completed from the transfer of Marmion to the Benedictines to its elevation to the rank of a Priory. The second stage has been reached successfully, and there are indications that it may in time, God's time, reach the goal of Abbey.



**Father Alcuin Deck,  
Spiritual Director**



**Father Joseph Battaglia,  
Headmaster**



**Father Leonard Lux,  
Social Sciences**

## Our Shrines and Their Heroes



Fort Ste. Marie as it was in 1649

**B**OWS were tight drawn as Mohawk and Seneca warriors faced each other, their battle axes gleaming in the sun-light;—but suddenly that light began to fade and an eerie darkness spread over the earth filling the hearts of beasts and men with a great terror. It was only an eclipse—generally assumed to have been that of June 28, 1451—but to the benighted, superstitious savages it was an augury of evil, for to them the shadow creeping over the face of the sun was the war-shield of their Sky-god being drawn before his countenance to hide his warm smile from erring people. Their Wise Men said that Aireskoi was angry because brother nations thus willed to war against each other; so the warriors slacked their bows, buried the war-axe, and planted the peace tree in token of a firm resolve, a resolve that eventuated in the unity of the Five Nations, that unity which had been the dream of Hiawatha and which was to become known to us as the **FEDERATION OF THE IROQUOIS**. So the story is recounted in the legends of the red men.

Aireskoi, the sun—Sky-god to so many primitive peoples—thenceforth was revered as the War-god of the Iroquois, and they thought of him as one great and mighty, and fierce with a terrible fierce-

Subsequent articles will treat of the other three of our North American Martyr Saints, foremost of the heroes of our continent.

\* "Chiwatenwa"—Honorary Chief of the Mohawk Clan of the Bear, the Clan whose fairest daughter is loved by many nations as the "Lily of the Mohawks"—is Historian of the Confraternity of Pilgrims, with offices at 4817 Chicago Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

## America's First Suicide Squad

by

"Chiwatenwa"\*

ness, so terrible that mere squaw gifts of fruits and flowers no more could be thought appropriate to him. Indeed, no other offerings could be adjudged acceptable to one so terrible as he save pain, excruciating pain, pain that wracked and tore at the most delicate nerves, the most sensitive fibres of the human body, and soon-to-be-bloodied altars rose over their savage realms whence scout bands went forth in search of victims for their "Circuses of Torture."

Northward to Hudson's Bay, southward to the Ohio River, and from the Atlantic shores to and beyond the Mississippi went the cruel bands of the Wild Rovers, the Ishmaels of the Forests, battling, yet seeking not to slay, but to

capture, that Aireskoi the Terrible might be placated and his favor won by their tributes of wild and sadistic agony. Fierce reprisal spread the fury over the forest realms until the entire wilderness became a hell of fiercest hate, of fiendish, pagan horror.

Into that hell came the Warriors of the Cross to drive Aireskoi and his hates from these lands that now are ours and there enthrone instead RAWENNIIO, as the God of the Whites was known, the King of Love and gentlest Mercy.

Over treacherous seas they came, their frail sailing-craft buffeted by angrily resisting waves through long weeks, and oft times months; and into the bleak wilderness they came, dank forests with their wild beasts and wilder men. Through those forests they blazed their nine-hundred-mile-long

trail, the truly "Classic Trail," from Quebec to the lands of the Huron Indians, lands wherein they erected bastions against the cruel, pagan deity—wherein they built that stronghold of Civilization and Christianity, immortal Ste. Marie, "Home of Peace" in Tragedy's dire midst.

Though he was to find his own red crown far from this site he loved, it was the inimitable Father Isaac Jogues, Saint and Martyr, who designed and supervised the erection of this Fort and mission-center. Significantly, the first retreatant at this holy house was an humble barbarian, The Chiwatenwa, "First Apostle of his savage people." Meaningful, too, is this that His Holiness, Pope Urban VIII, by formal decree designated this a place of pilgrimage, the first such designation in North America. The indulgences attached to that grant have been renewed and are applicable to the present day.

On the evening of July 3, 1648, another retreatant went forth from there, over the twelve-mile woodland trail to his mission of St. Joseph, at Teanaustayae, village "Guardian of the River."

Came the dawn of the fatal morrow, July 4, 1648. His Mass was said; the air above yet was sweet with the glad song of his neophytes, who remained in the simple bark "prayer-house" to tell their gratitude for the great gifts that were theirs, Faith and the Sacraments, when over their song of praise broke the fierce and terrible war-cry of the Iroquois.

The braves, the squaws, even the little ones—all two thousand of the folk of this proud capitol of the Huron Clan of the Cord, might have died that day were it not for the heroic sacrifice of their hero, their missionary Saint and Martyr whom they had learned to love as their "Annouennen."

Still vested, he faced the bloodied, oncoming foe, strode toward them with gladiatorial bearing, knowing they could not understand the meaning of such self-sacrifice, certain that their superstition would see it as some evil charm, an evil Sorcerer's trick for their ruin. And they fell back in dread of him, the while hundreds of his flock were fleeing through the one gate the Wolves had not covered.

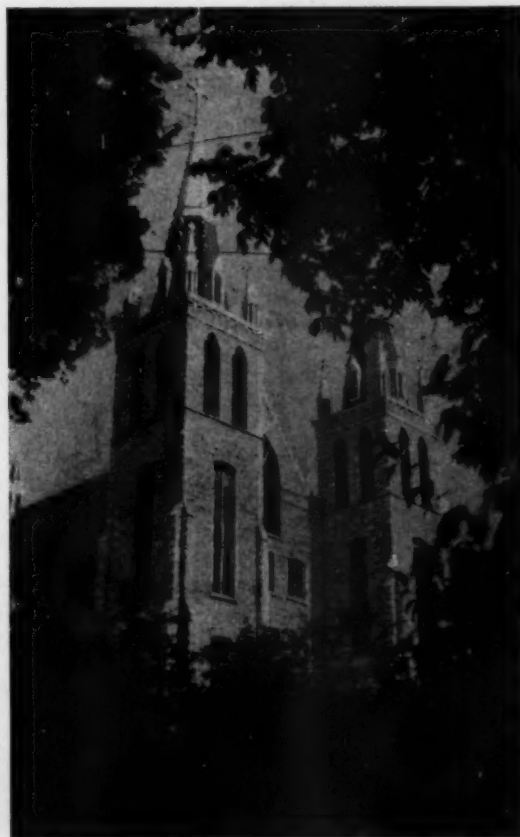
At last the awaited shot; and he fell, the Hero of Bravery who was glad to die that his savage charges might live. In this stern vineyard and in these valiant times—when "the natural and the supernatural were so close together that only the lightest of veils separated them"—is it to be wondered at that this martyred St. Anthony Daniel would come back to sit among his fellows within the mission-house of Ste. Marie, to encourage them who so well knew, though they yielded naught to fear, that dark and awesome cloud was fast lowering over them?

Wild the winter that followed and heavy were

the snows that Old North West Wind strewed over the forests and piled deep upon the trails. More than a hundred leagues long was the trail to the nearest village, or "castle" as they called it, of the Iroquois, and the undisciplined Hurons could not believe that danger lurked among the night shadows.

Gabriel Lalemant was the latest recruit among the Men of Ste. Marie, having been among the Hurons a mere six months. It was March 15, 1649, and, though Winter's frosted hand still rested heavy upon the forest lands, the song that began to greet the dawn told that feathered messengers were leading the warm winds back to Wandeké, the "One Land Apart" of the Hurons; and Gabriel Lalemant went from his mission post at Tehententaron to con-

Martyrs' Shrine near Midland, Ontario



sult with his neighbor, Jean de Brebeuf, "Giant" of the missions, sage of the western vineyard.

Over twenty-five years Father Jean de Brebeuf had been among the children of the forests, and no other could know so well as he the dangers that would threaten when Springtime would lift the white burden from the trails and ease passage over them for foe as well as friend. This sage of the western regions was stationed at St. Louis Mission in the Village of the Marshes, three miles east of Ste. Marie and midway on the trail from the Fort to Tehententaron and its Mission of St. Ignace. So, over the three miles that separated their places of labor—and of worry for simple folk who would harken to no guidance that meant restraint to their freedom, that complete freedom that bordered upon abandonment of every concern and care—Gabriel Lalemant trudged through the snow, first having warned his flock again to post a guard and keep cautious watch through the night lest the enemy attack when least expected.

Cold and still was that night of March 15th, '49, as the two Black Robes slept in the village of the Marshes; and the cold moon that looked down upon

them, looked, too, upon a thousand shadows, fearsome shadows, creeping, crawling in the woods that bordered Tehententaron, village of Lalemant's Mission of St. Ignace. Through an open gate those horrid shadows crept and into silent cabins, and over sleeping heads their thirsty axes rose, and as with a single blow they fell, and Tehententaron was dead.

Three braves of the village, in the woods near by heard the death gasp that followed the fall of that Iroquois blow and, knowing that the blood-lusting fiends of the forests would seek even greater fullness to this their day of horror, these three sped with a warning to the Village of the Marshes, and the old, the women, and the young, with warriors to guard them, fled to the shelter of Fort Ste. Marie, three miles to westward.

Like to these mothers of St. Louis's Mission, other mothers had fled from Teanaustayae and its Mission of St. Joseph, seeking to win through to safety with their little ones; but those little ones, who could not flee with the speed of their elders, cried when their mothers sought to hide them away, and their cries brought upon them the awful thing fear of which had made them cry, and the little babes, and the mothers who sought to save them, died together on that terrible day when the Martyr, Daniel, fell. That it might not be so again, eighty staunch braves, heroes every one of them, remained behind the palisades of St. Louis when the others fled, stayed to retard those who would pursue to slay, vowing to stand against the fierce foemen while life remained to them and strength to wield 'he battle-axe. And the Black Robes, Brebeuf and Lalemant, chose to stay with the heroic eighty, to stay where Death was soon to stalk, to minister to the dying and speak to them Comfort's final words.

Eighteen of these heroes who thus formed our Continent's first suicide squad, retained enough of life when the valiant fight was done, to be reserved for the torture; and the two Black Robes were driven away with them, driven to the bloodied shambles that had been the peaceful mission of St. Ignace. There, on the eve of St. Patrick's day, 1649, Jean de Brebeuf, "Giant" of the Missions, "Echon" to the Hurons, Hero of Strength, died amid unspeakable tortures, with no groan or other sign to tell of the fierce torment that he endured through three awful hours. Nor could those Wild Rovers of the Wilderness wring more than the gentlest of sighs from the agonized heart of Gabriel Lalemant, Hero of Gentleness, when he died on the morrow, March 17th.

Peril was crowding close; the three protecting villages were gone, and the Men of Ste. Marie, rather than see the hallowed home they loved



Saint Jean de Brebeuf



deseccated by the Beasts of the Woods, determined to abandon it and, having loaded upon the raft upon which they would depart the scant possessions they could save, they gave to the flames this place that was the center of their labors and their devotions, the while they set forth to Christian Island out in Georgian Bay.

Summoned thither from the outpost Mission of St. John, down in the Tobacco Country, Noel Chabannel was hastening over the night trails when he heard the victory chant sung by the foe. Though he knew it not, they were celebrating their massacre of the village he so recently had left.

Had he remained another day, he would have seen the companion of his yesterday struck down and left for dead; but close by was a dying Christian savage whom the stricken priest wished to reach with a final absolution and a parting word of comfort and of strength. Thrice he raised himself on his elbows, dragging his broken body to the side of his red brother. Like the One he had served so well, thrice he fell, but he reached him he sought to reach ere a cruel, brutal watcher struck again, cleaving the skull of the Angelic Hero, Charles Garnier.

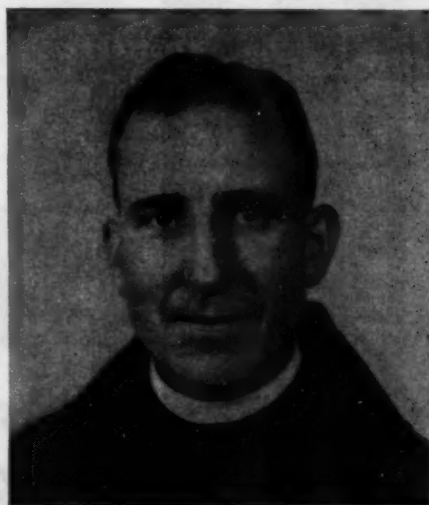
Ere he reached Christian Island, Noel Chabannel, Hero of Failure, himself was struck down by a renegade Huron 'through hatred of the Faith,' and his body was thrown into the Notawassaga River.

So died men of Ste. Marie, these five of the eight North American Martyr Saints who were canonized on June 9, 1930. Over the land hallowed by their toil, and sweat, and tears, and blood, men have erected a temple to their undying memory. Yes, men have erected the temple, for 'only God can



Saint Isaac Jogues

found a shrine.' Upon this one He has placed the mark of His favor, the seal of divine favor, the seal of the Miraculous.

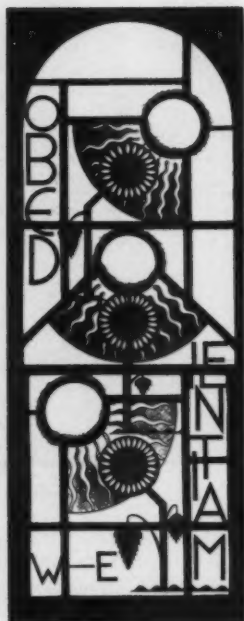


Brother Gerard Nilan left, and Brother Henry Hicking first Laybrothers of Marmion Priory

# The Windows in Our Chapter Room

Abbot Ignatius Esser, O.S.B.

(Continued)



Thy promise) and I shall live." In the upper part of the picture is a hot sun drawing vapors and forming clouds. From the clouds drop rain. Rain is the naturally vivifying element on the earth. A little flower and some grass below signify the life-giving effect of the rain. Without rain, plants, animals, and men would die. With it, they live. This naturally vivifying element, water, is caught up in the baptismal font shown in the picture. The Church blesses this water and Christ is symbolically immersed into it, using the lighted paschal candle as the symbol of Christ. Thus the baptismal water is made supernaturally vivifying. The monk by going to the monastery and making the vows to observe the counsels of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and the other monastic practices of life, merely hopes to develop in its fullest possible form the baptismal grace within him. The monastic life is a beautiful opportunity for the development of the fulness of Gospel perfection, through the combination of counsels and commandments.

## FULNESS OF LIFE WITH GOD (not pictured)

13. A kneeling novice prays to God, as all we Benedictines do at the time of our Profession, "*Suscipe me, Domine*—Receive me, O Lord." Having decided to give his life to God, the young man eagerly hopes that he will be acceptable to God. God shows this acceptableness. Two open palms are held out in the upper part of the window, to show that God is willing to receive the young man. Across the open palms is the *Chi Rho* symbol, showing that only through Christ will the Father receive any of us. The dear Savior told us that no one goes to the Father except through Him, the Son.

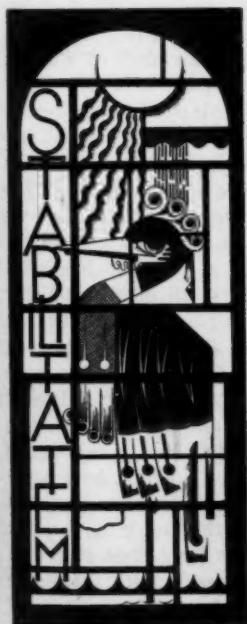
14. This is the grandest design of all. The two simple words *Et Vivam* are a continuation of the foregoing words in window number thirteen. *Et vivam* means "and I shall live." The whole thought is: "Receive me, O Lord, (according to



## AVOID FRUSTRATION (not pictured)

15. It is one thing to develop and set out with fine plans for a great project. The man who seeks the cloister and makes vows there has begun a great good, but will he persevere? He may ultimately become somewhat upset and disturbed, disappointed, scrupulous about his vocation, or doubtful about his ability to persevere. It is wise to guard against such things. And so we see in the window the words "*Et non confundas me—let me not be confounded.*" A bungling builder can make a botch of the best of plans. So, we pray for deliverance from confusion and doubt. This window shows an owl, the bird of wisdom, perched on an oak branch. That means he sits solid. The oak branch is designated by the acorn and the oak leaf. With one eye shut and the other eye open, the owl is careful to avoid any frustration. We see a scatterbrained bird above and a sophisticated bird below trying to befuddle the owl. The owl is not in the least disturbed. He sits solid. He perseveres.

16. This window is a continuation of the thought in the preceding. We see the words "*Ab expectatione mea.*" These words added to the words in the foregoing window mean: "Let me not be confounded in my expectation." Or, let me not be thwarted in my hope. The window shows the medal of St. Benedict with the beautiful inscription in abbreviated form: "*Cruz Sacra Sit Mihi Luz, Non Draco Sit Mihi Dux.*"—"May the Holy Cross be unto me a light and not the dragon



be my leader." Our great hope is to follow the leadership of Christ and steer clear of the deception of satan.

## VOWING OBEDIENCE

17. In the window we see two hands; one is resting upon a book, the Holy Scripture, or the LOGOS; the other hand is raised aloft in readiness for an oath. The letters "*Ego promitto—I promise*" are seen in the window. The promise refers to the vows to be pronounced.



18. This window illustrates the vow of obedience. In big letters we see the word "*Obedientiam*" written down the length of the window. Three times the sun is shown with a sunflower turned towards it. First the sun is in the east, then in the zenith, then in the west. In each case the sunflower is turned towards it, showing that the sunflower is a symbol of obedience. Like the sunflower we should ever turn towards the divine Sun of Justice, obeying every behest and wish of God. The letters *W* and *E* in the lower left corner merely designate the directions west and east.

## CHASTITY AND POVERTY

19. This is the "Chastity" window. A large flame is shown shooting upwards towards the Holy Spirit, symbolizing the purity of our lives by which we tend towards God. Off to the side are three small flames, symbolizing the unhealthy flames of

unchristian living, the concupiscence of the eyes, the concupiscence of the flesh, and the pride of life.

20. To portray poverty the artist has placed a pine tree in the barren rocks of a mountain. Just as in the midst of this barrenness of the mountains the pine tree can produce rich cones and needles, so the monk in his poverty of the cloister should produce also fruits fit for heaven.

#### STABILITY AND CONVERSION OF MORALS

21. A crane is shown standing on one leg. In the sky above there is sunshine on one side and rain on the other. The crane can stand fixed in one spot in sunshine or in rain for almost any length of time. The crane is a symbol of stability. St. Benedict loves to see in his monks stability of life. They should not be fickle and changing in their ambitions and ideals. They should have one great aim and one great goal and steadily strive for it. They should seek God and seek God always. Therefore St. Benedict wanted his monks to take a vow of stability. They should "stay put."

22. This window shows a large plain black cross, in front of which is a large serpent holding a rich

apple in his mouth. The Benedictine takes a vow called "*Conversio morum*." This conversion of morals means simply a turning away from sin and its very roots (original sin), and a turning towards Christ, represented by His cross. It is the scriptural turning from evil to do good.

#### FOLLOWING THE LEADER

23. "*Secundum Regulam—according to rule.*" All these five vows that the monk takes, poverty, chastity, obedience, stability, and conversion of morals, are taken not according to one's own head or ideas, but according to an objective rule, the rule of some wise person. In the window we see a crosier, which is a symbol of authority or government. We see the sun, which by its regular movements divides time into day and night. And we see the crowing rooster, who by his periodic crowing marks off the times of the night and morning. At the bottom of the picture we see two kneeling monks who look like twins. The idea is that monks who follow faithfully the rule of their chosen leader will thereby become so much like unto their leader that they will look like each other. They will look like twins. In his eighth degree of humility St. Benedict lays down the rule: That in all things monks should follow the example of their seniors or the Holy Rule. By doing this they take on a certain likeness of form and appearance, giving them a family unity and family likeness.

24. The leader whose rule in this case has been chosen is St. Benedict. In this last window the other side of the medal of St. Benedict is shown, portraying a likeness of the Patriarch of Monks. Until death itself, the monks of St. Benedict desire to follow faithfully the teaching of their leader that thus they may merit his presence in the moment of their death, a desire expressed in the words written around the edge of the medal: "*Ejus in obitu nostro praesentia muniamur.*"—"May we be fortified by his presence in the hour of death."

And thus we come to the end of the beautiful series of twenty-four windows, all of which point out some teaching of the great St. Benedict. On the evening of the dedication of the Chapter Room a special prayer was designed for blessing the windows. You may wish to read this prayer. Here it is: Let us pray. "Almighty and eternal God, who hast taught our holy Father Benedict to behold the entire world in one ray of the sun and hast symbolized to him in the splendor of gleaming light the joys of heavenly life, we beg thee to enlighten our minds with the symbols of the Holy Rule shown in these windows and to fill our hearts with the desire of seeing Thee, through Christ our Lord. Amen."



ther Robert Morthorst



Father Sebastian Crow



# The Case of the Flowering Lilac

Frances Denham

OUR TOWN stands on an Oklahoma prairie, where buffalo herds once came to a cool spring for water. Black and yellow orioles build nests in our lilac bushes and nearly all of us have lilac bushes.

Our church is not very large. White it is, white frame with lovely green trimming, and the cross on top the belfry is taller than any of our trees.

Father Hall's house is white too, like the church, and often he walks between his home and the church, especially on warm evenings. I guess maybe he's thinking about all of us, probably praying for all of us and we feel secure.

It's easy to feel secure when you can see Father walking or when you are in the church. Father tells us to pray, pray with faith, and our prayers will be answered. I know that's what Alta did. I have a real easy life, but I guess when you're sixty life is easier—maybe you've been at it so long it just seems easier, but then I've always had things nice, not anything like Alta's had. Alta Enix is my neighbor and we've been friends ever since we were little girls. Alta's not as old as I am; Alta's bony and I'm, well, I'm on the stocky side and if there is any one thing I hate to hear about it is a reducing diet, which I have never taken.

I was telling you about Alta—I guess she has the kind of faith Father wants us to have. I've seen her in such awful experiences, but she kept the candle of faith burning bright. I guess one of the worst was when I sat with her in the court room. She was clutching her wrinkled brown neck. Her hands were all trembling and then I would see her open her purse and take out her rosary. Her hands would become quiet. She did not seem conscious even of the fly-specked cob-webby courtroom. I know our townspeople were not mean; they wanted to hear the trial. You see Willie had been accused of taking some money—a filling station had been robbed. Seemed to me that our Judge was sort of stony.

I guess the Judge was thinking about Willie and all of the trouble he'd caused his mother. I even talked with Alta about the way Willie did, and of course it's pretty ticklish telling a mother how to raise her only son and me being an old maid, but then I talked anyway. I told her about "sparing the rod and spoiling the child"—but I guess that she did spare the rod a good bit.

Well, anyway, the Judge pronounced Willie guilty and Alta stood up; she just stood there tottering and then she fainted. Some of the men carried her to an adjoining room and I followed them. Mrs. Rainey came in, too, and we were rubbing Alta's hands. Mrs. Rainey said how awfully thin Alta was. Her

wrists did seem so little and her hands were so cold. I told Mrs. Rainey that once she had been the prettiest girl in our town. Mrs. Rainey said that she heard that Alta had been a widow for a long time, and I told her yes, that Mr. Enix had died a long time ago and that Alta had raised the boy.

I remember Mrs. Rainey kinda sniffed and said that she was not one to talk but that it did not look like Alta had done a very good job.

Now it's all right I figure for me to advise Alta but I could not bear to think of someone else saying anything, so just for the time being I saw red, or at least a deep pink. I said to Mrs. Rainey that Willie was a good boy, at heart. I could just picture to myself Alta praying for him, I could see her lips moving, I could see the look that came into her eyes. Mrs. Rainey said that she guessed that what boys did on the outside, and not what they were at heart, was what counted. I know that Alta had never for a moment doubted that Willie would turn out all right because you see Alta was trusting in God to answer her prayer. I know that he was playing truant from school and staying out late with older boys and she was talking to me about it. I said—"Alta why don't you just put him some place where he'll have to mind, and then go on and



live your own life." I know she turned to me and said, "Mary, look out there at my lilac bush." I looked. The trunk was black, all of the limbs were black and to all appearances it was dead.

I said that I could see the lilac bush, and she said, "Mary, look at the ground all about it."

I looked. The ground was bare, save for a few moulding leaves. I told her yes, I could see the bare ground.

"What would you think, Mary, if I began to doubt that my lilac bush would ever blossom; what would you think if I was discouraged because the ground about the lilac bush had no grass?"

I just looked at her. "You see, Mary, there's all of the promise of fulfillment in that black lilac bush; there's millions of blades of green grass in that ground that looks bleak and bare. If I should run away I would not be here to see their glorious burst into a green life, would I?"

Somewhere in my throat, or maybe in one of my chins (I have two) my voice sort of caught. "God will bring forth the lilac's purple and green, and put life into every tiny shoot of grass, and neither of us doubt that He will do that, do we, Mary?"

Well somehow after that I sort of knew, too, that Alta's prayers about Willie would be answered.

Mrs. Rainey said that Alta was not coming to very fast and then we heard a knock on the door and Mrs. Rainey called to the one knocking to come in. There stood O.B. Kidder. Poor O.B. I felt sorry for him; seemed like he had such a good start once there in our town. He was one of the boys and was terribly in love with Alta. Everyone thought that they would marry but then Alta up and married Mr. Enix, who was a new comer. After Alta married, O.B. sort of went to the dogs, and he drank a little more all of the time and finally most of the folks just thought of him as the town drunk. Well there stood O.B. and when I said hello to him he said, "Mary, tell me how's Alta?" I told him that she was just about worn out and was so worried about Willie and about the Judge finding Willie

guilty. He said not to tell Alta that he'd been there but if there was anything he could do to call on him.

Mrs. Rainey sort of snorted when he left and she said that she was not one to belittle anyone but what did that old sot O.B. Kidder think he could do for anyone. I said that he was an old friend of Alta's and Mrs. Rainey opined that he was not really fit to be amongst decent people, and then Alta opened her eyes.

Well, I took her home and she said that she wanted to stop at the Judge's house but I persuaded her to go home and rest for a while—Alta looked so tired. It seemed that everything was pressing down on Alta, hemming her in and shoving her to the ground. I looked at her but Alta's eyes were on the cross on our church. She could see it above the locust trees from her house. I put my hand on her arm. "It's all going to be all right, Mary." Imagine her having to cheer me when it should have been the other way.

We went in the house and I made her a cup of tea. I told her about O.B. coming to see how she was. A soft little look came into her eyes and a half-smile that caused me to wonder.

When our town was in deep shadows I went with Alta to see the Judge. I did not want to go but Alta kept saying that she just must tell him herself that Willy could not do a thing like that, she had to make him understand that Willy could not have done it.

When we knocked on the Judge's door we heard some one else in the room. We stopped to listen and there were low voices, and then a voice that was higher—I knew that voice. It was O.B.'s and he was saying, "Judge, you know I'm not much good—but I—I can't sit by and let you think Alta's boy did something that I did—so Judge, just lock me up and let Alta have her boy back, will you?"

Alta did not wait to knock; she went bursting into the room.

"Judge, I know that Willy didn't do that robbery—but I know, too, that O.B. did not do it."

Well I never in all my life saw sagging shoulders



Father Maurice Patrick, who is leaving Marmion this year to take up duties as a Chaplain in the U. S. Army

lift so fast. O.B. looked at her and it just seemed to me that his thin stooped body sort of come to life. His shoulders were squared and he was smiling. I guess that when you feel pretty down and out yourself and you find one person who has faith in you it sort of makes you feel like a new person; anyhow that's the way that O.B. acted.

Well the Judge talked with Alta and he talked to O.B. for a while and I saw that it was getting pretty late, so I said that I would go and O.B. said that he would see that Alta got home all right. I noticed that Alta smiled at him; that smile of Alta's almost made me cry. There was her boy found guilty of robbery and waiting for the Judge to pronounce sentence and then the young man who had once been in love with her was old now and a broken down sort of wreck, not anyone you could really depend on, but Alta smiled. Somehow I just knew that she was thinking of the bare lilac bush with its hidden promise of budding; somehow I just knew that in Alta's work-worn little hand was a rosary and well—that faith of hers was sort of like the measles—I got a little touch of it, contagious like it was and I actually left the Judge's study with a lighter heart.

I guess it's not for us to figure out just how our prayers are going to be answered, I guess just knowing that they will be is quite enough, so I'm not going to try to figure out how Alta's prayers were answered, but I know that some few weeks later they found a man injured, and before he died he called for Father Hall to come quickly and he confessed to the filling station robbery and so Willie was given back to Alta. Well Willie wanted to serve his country but seemed like he was more interested in his mother than he had ever been and it was leaving her alone that worried him. I guess that some of those prayers of Alta's had been for old O.B. because O.B. went to work—I mean really to work and all of the sag went out of his shoulders and all of the staring blur went out of his eyes—well anyway it seemed that O.B. and his bottle were divorced. I have always felt that Father was

pretty much of an employment bureau himself. The upshot of it all was that O.B. told Willie that he would take care of Alta, that he had always loved her. I guess that Alta told Willie that she felt that some of his love was for her son, too, on account O.B. was willing to shoulder the responsibility of Willie's trouble. I guess that made Willie feel pretty tender toward O.B.

I can look out of my window in Alta's yard—the lilac bush is in full bloom and green grass lies like a thick-napped carpet all around it. And Alta—well Alta and O.B. are pretty happy together—you see O.B. is so sure and dependable and they have a son in the service—Willie—and are they ever proud of him.

The night is warm. I know Father Hall is walking from his house to our church. I know that the cross on our church points upward. Whenever my faith gets just a bit frayed I know I can think of Alta and the lilac bush about which she did not despair just because it looked dead. I guess that there just isn't any blessing that faith won't bring.



Father Raymond Hubers, Treasurer



Father Columban Reed



## Just Posing

**I**T'S FUN taking pictures, especially if you are a camera. I belong to the Camera family, but not to the common sort that you win at a raffle or get as a premium for selling subscriptions or soap. There is "class" to me; there must be, for I make "PORTRAITS THAT PLEASE." Since my boss has closed his high class studio for a week of rest in a more artistic and expensive

atmosphere I have time to jot down some of my impressions that I do not record on the photographic film. You see I am perfectly honest and a faithful performer of my duty—my work is done strictly "according to copy" in the twinkling of an eye.

Whilst the boss is grooming the subject before me to the best advantage for that "pleasing portrait" I have time to study not merely the features that I shall reproduce faithfully on my retina, but also to study the character of the "posed" subject as reflected in the retina of his or her eye, for the human eye is the mirror of the soul. And we really gaze at each other "eye to eye."

Of all subjects placed before me I like babies best. As I look into their clear eyes I seem to see a ray of the divine Light—of God Himself, Who lives in their pure souls. There is nothing posed or artificial about them. They are so perfectly natural. Their bulging eyes look "me in the eye" and seem to say: "Here I am. Take me as I am. You want a picture of me *as I am*, don't you?" Then, just as they are smiling at their own whimsical simplicity I bat my monocled eye and—that indescribable look that can't be duplicated is a matter of permanent record for the family album.

But, somehow, this pleasure is being denied me of late. I don't get such delightful subjects as often as I used to. When the boss was developing my last record I heard him mutter to himself: "Hum! This is the first one in a long time. Babies seem to be getting scarce. It seems that a pedigreed pup has usurped the baby's place in an ought-to-be mother's lap. I suppose the canine creature is less trouble and bother than a bunch of growing youngsters. An offspring, no doubt, of all this "puppy love" and "two-by-four" apartment houses. Well..."

Just then a happy mother brought in her little Bobbie in his trim suit and Bessie in her becoming bridal veil and gown—both had received their Eucharistic Lord the day before for the first time. I adjusted my monacle and waited with eagerness the chance to perpetuate their "divinized look." Their holy innocence still gleamed in their sparkling, clear eyes. How soon would they learn the trick (and who should teach them but their elders?) of putting on a "pleasing look" when company comes?

Powder and paint don't make a saint—that's the truth, and not mere rhyme—and angelic masks don't hide household devils. If I could catch these subjects at home, off guard, when they are not "posing" but are acting only *too* naturally—what a collection of angry, boastful, cruel, defiant, envious, frowning, gloomy, hateful, insolent, jealous, knavish, leering, morose, nasty, opinionated, peevish, quarrelsome, resentful, sour, truculent (and so on down the alphabet) looks I should have. But who would want such a collection except the infernal keeper of the rogues' gallery?

I got a real chuckle out of the tiff a freckled young man had with the boss who wanted to remove those cinnamon tints from the portrait by some sort of chemical alchemy. The subject, or shall I call him the proud possessor?—objected: "Why then I won't look natural!" As shekels in his pocket are dearer to the boss than freckles on the face of another he let the man "look natural." And I should like to have shaken hands (if I had such equipment) with the frank patron who came to "sit for his pitcher" and told the boss: "Take me *as I am*, warts and all." I did.



# CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY

## *The Seventh Article*

### STALIN CHANGES COMMUNISM

*H. C. McGinnis*



**I**N CONSIDERING Christian democracy as the antidote for communism, we shall spend little time on the political phase. Democracy as now established, and particularly American democracy, has the structure necessary to safeguard political justice. The American Constitution is the most perfect political document yet formulated by man. It enunciates all the freedom necessary to enable man to preserve his natural dignity. American political abuses arise from our failure to maintain this as a "nation under God." Liberalism's materialism reads into the Constitution interpretations which aren't there. Racial discrimination is a case in point. Racial equality is guaranteed by the Constitution, but the intolerance of a people who have worshipped too long at Liberalism's shrine have largely nullified these guarantees.

Communism's objections to political abuses existing under democratic structures are frequently very well founded, but its supposed reforms make a bad matter worse. It is true that Communist Russia's constitution, as presented by American Communists, does look appealing and practically the equal of the American Constitution. However, what communism's apostles nearly always fail to mention is the undeniable fact, written into Russia's constitution, that all political, civic, and other rights are subject to the will and pleasure of the Communist Party. There is no such thing in Russia as the "due process of law." A tiny percentage of Russians, some say 5% and some say even less, make up the party which decides what the rest of the Russian population shall do and when the constitution shall be operative. In exchange for democratic freedom at the polls, communism offers a complete submission by the citizen to a dictator's will. In exchange for the democratic right of criticism and loyal opposition to the mistakes of administration, it offers a one-party system which brooks no criticism and enforces its mandates by the firing squad or slavery in exile, even though the party itself may be made up of a very small part of the total population. In return for that bureaucracy which has become so dangerous to democratic processes due to

uncontrolled greed, selfishness and misplaced ambitions, communism offers a bureaucracy which functions even less well and which cannot be remedied at the polls by a change in administration. When democratic and communist political structures are laid side by side for comparison, a high school child can immediately see the vast superiority of the democratic system. For communism does not even trouble itself to deny that it completely kills that dignity of the individual for which mankind has fought for centuries. Rather, it maintains that economic security is all that is necessary to man's happiness. How little does this idea recognize the politically disputatious citizens who make up the majority of democracies! One of the reasons which Edmund Burke gave to Parliament why the American colonists would never submit unquestioningly to British ukases was that they composed a community in which every individual was a lawyer. In other words, we were, and are, a nation of political debaters and could never be anything but completely miserable under any system which does not permit us to speak our piece whenever we feel like it.

Whatever appeal communism has lies chiefly in the economic field, mostly because the final implications of its economic system are imperfectly understood or else not perceived at all. Although its proposals for economic justice which appear likable are pages torn from the book of Catholic social teachings—teachings which existed long before communism was even a suckling pup—actually communism has ruined them, either by its proposed method of achievement or its placing a wrong interpretation upon them. Communism's aim to destroy utterly all forms of capitalism and capitalistic endeavor is an excellent example.

If, when communism speaks of capitalism, it meant monopolistic capitalism, its doctrines would sound much better. Monopolistic capitalism is a product of Liberalism which teaches that not only does a man have the right to make as much money as he pleases, regardless of the rights of others, but that he owes no responsibility to the common

welfare while making it. This is positively contrary to true Christian doctrines and therefore is contrary to true democracy. It is this monopolistic form of capitalism that is responsible for world wide political and economic imperialism. It is blamable for most of the injustices which strong nations perpetrate upon weaker ones and is the cause of the great majority of the internal economic miseries which the masses in many nations suffer. In the American picture, it is responsible for employers' attempts to make human labor nothing more than a marketable commodity to be purchased at the cheapest possible price, regardless of the economic needs of the worker or his natural right to share in the profits of production. It is responsible for that form of slavery which is known in the South as share-cropping and for the hideous, disease-ridden slums which make up such large parts of industrial communities. It is largely responsible for unemployment, for it arranges its employment according to the highest possible profit to the employer without regard to the welfare of the worker. It is the reason for soulless corporations, price-gouging trusts, and international cartels which look upon the world and its peoples as something created solely for their heartless exploitation.

When communism decries these evils, it does so properly. Unfortunately, however, it immediately makes errors, a habit quite common to communism. First, it advocates the overthrow of monopolism by violent and bloody revolution. True or Christian democracy also decries these evils and with equal vigor, but it proposes correction by orderly and democratic processes—by legislation and education. Communism, in order to remove this canker from the body economic, proposes to kill and bury the body. True democracy proposes to remove the canker and restore the body to sound health. Communism's next error lies in its proclaiming all forms of private enterprise monopolistic capitalism. Free enterprise, when it becomes so free as to amount to a license to plunder, is an evil of Liberalism; but private enterprise, when guided and controlled by morality's laws, is one of man's inherent rights. True democracy makes this distinction very plain, realizing that man's dignity, individuality, initiative, incentive to healthy progress, and need for a security commensurate with his station in life requires the right to free enterprise within morality's limits. America's greatness has been built upon the private enterprise system and while abuses have crept into it due to Liberalism's rapid advances during the past century, it needs to be renovated, not scrapped.

Another serious communist error is its insistence that, to cure monopolism, people must subordinate every right—political, economic and social—to a totalitarian State which henceforth considers the individual of absolutely no value. The average American cannot even begin to visualize the complete absence of all rights and individuality which he would suffer under a communist State. There are many privileges which democratic Americans take to be the possession of all humans that it would be a deadly shock to them to come to the stark realization that the people of totalitarian States can be shot for even asking for what Americans consider to be basic heritages. Yet without going into the matter of the loss of rights which communism entails, the American public has permitted in recent times many so-called reforms and proposed reforms which smack strongly of communism. The \$25,000 salary limitation, for instance, is a plank in the platform of the American Communist Party—one of the few planks which has not been changed since Germany attacked Russia and made Moscow a temporary ally of Washington.

Despite communist outcries against both monopolism and any form of capitalism, Red Russia has deliberately reinstated both. It has finally learned, after millions of its people starved to death, that labor cannot get along without capital any more than capital can do without labor. Stalin has learned by bitter experience that what everybody owns, nobody owns; and common ownership is one thing unendurable to a dictatorship which must have absolute control over the State's material wealth as well as over its citizens. Therefore Stalin installed State capitalism and now runs his country's finances much as does any country which operates under private capitalism. In addition, the monopolism which causes all Reds to shriek to high heaven is an established fact in a Communist State. The government has a most complete monopoly over everything. Just as a dictatorship is equally disagreeable whether imposed by an individual or by the State, just so is there no difference between monopolism by individuals and monopolism by the State. The small man fares no differently under one than under the other.

If we were to give all the examples which show that communism is merely a transfer of the evils of predatory Liberalism to a still more predatory State, we should leave no reason why any sane person would ever choose communism as a way of life. However, it is not necessary to give them. Since communism spits deliberately in the face of God, it would have to be ultra perfect in every detail to tempt one to take this chance, no matter how miser-

able his present lot may be. And, since it admittedly lacks this total perfection, there should be no temptation to any sensible person to espouse atheism for an ideology which so far has failed to live up to most of its promises. This is especially true when one realizes that Russia has had to adopt a form of the capitalism it detests to achieve whatever it has and has been further forced to permit its people that spiritual strength and comfort they demand as the price for continuing the sacrifices required by an all-demanding war.

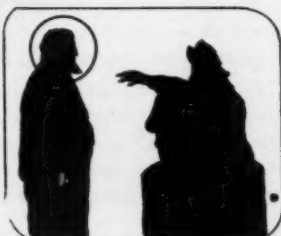
However, when a people suffer from the abuses of private enterprise under a well established Liberalism, it is far from enough to merely condemn communism or any other form of society which does not agree with democratic principles. It is not enough for a Christian democracy to say, no matter how emphatically, that it stands against the abuses of private enterprise, especially monopolistic capitalism, and that it urges the proper

uses of it. No longer will the world's disgruntled masses be satisfied with abstract discussions concerning the *right* to do a thing and the *abuse* of a thing. It must have concrete suggestions which can be used as guideposts and definitely acted upon to better existing conditions.

While it is not Christianity's official role to suggest specific remedies for the various fields of economic life in which injustices occur, it does maintain a constant educational campaign to show what the moral requirements of everyday activities are. However, it is the definite duty of the statesmen, philosophers, writers, educators, and other leaders of Christian democracy to suggest definite reforms and to lead movements for their consummation. Since true democracy is predicated upon Christian principles and draws its inspiration from them, we must next show how Christian morality in economic matters obviates any desire for communism's godless tactics.

# GOSPEL MOVIES

BY P.K.



"Thou hast said it"

—St. Matth. 26:64.

## ZIPPER HEARTS

**T**RIED BY FOUR JUDGES—FOUND INNOCENT—CONDEMNED TO DEATH. This might have been the headlines of the extra edition of the Jerusalem Courier, had such a sheet been published and peddled among the milling multitudes of pilgrims that crowded into the Holy City one Friday morning, called thereafter "The Good," nineteen hundred years ago. *Found innocent and condemned to death!* That is human justice sitting in judgment on the God of Justice. Strange consistency, yet true to the two wicked counsellors of this unjust sentence—wounded pride and haughty *hypocrisy*. **HYPOCRITE!** How we loathe and detest that word! How it stings and cuts into our inmost soul when our mask of pretended goodness fails to hide our wicked ugliness and we are labelled with

this epithet. What a stinging lash this word was in the mouth of the meek Savior when He laid bare the hidden wickedness and reeking rottenness of the hypocritical Pharisees.

Caiphas, "one of them," stands face to face with his bound prisoner, Jesus. Calmly and reproachfully His all-seeing eyes are riveted on His judge as He reads his very soul. Caiphas, uncomfortable under that searching gaze, puts on a show of dignity, authority, and holy zeal for his office and the Jewish religion. He must keep up the show of justice. He *rends his tunic* from neck to waist at Christ's pretended blasphemy. But God *pulls the zipper* of his heart and sees his *hypocrisy*.

When wounded pride labels its bound and innocent victim a "hypocrite," it merely pulls the zipper on your own heart for, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks" (St. Matth. 12:34).

# UP BY BIG BUTTE



by  
MARY LANIGAN  
HEALY



The Mannings are a family of six, augmented for the present by the arrival from California of two nieces and a nephew to live in Copper City, Montana, until their sick mother is able to return home from the hospital. The shadow of a strike in the mines hovers over the community and the worried wives are trying to settle it in their own way. While Julia Manning was consulting Father Rooney on her plan, word reached her that her husband had been injured on his way home from the school at which he taught and was at St. James Hospital in a serious condition.

## CHAPTER X

IT WAS very quiet in the Manning home. From without the snow pressed insistently against the walls in high crusted drifts and the wind wildly urged it to build even higher. Within was warmth and serenity with a great log dozing in its embers in the fireplace and the cat stretched its length in that contented way that cats do when the resting place is to their liking. Perhaps he stretched in such abandon of content because of the unexpected company which shared the warmth of the hearth with him this night.

One by one the younger children had dropped off to sleep and Dave had gathered each into his strong arms and carried them to their beds. It had been several hours now since Julia had even suggested that Barney or Hank or Frances or Dave or Clare should likewise go to bed. Now she accepted the fact that they were remaining here with her while hour after hour slowly dragged itself into the chasm

of all yesterdays and nearer and nearer came another unpredictable tomorrow. Leaning back in Tom's old Morris chair, Julia Manning was anxious for the night to go while at the same time she dreaded its passing.

Time and again the desultory conversation came back to Tom and she made no attempt to avert its course. Once Frances said, "It seems so unfair, that Uncle Tom should be in the hospital now when the only reason we three are here is because our Mother had to go through the same thing."

"Not unfair," Julia assured her. "Quite the contrary. You see, it's rather fine to have you three with us at a time like this."

Swift compassion crossed the girl's intelligent face, "Oh Aunt, if only there was something we might do."

"Remember that first night you came? What Uncle told you then?"

"I remember," Barney cut in, "I'll always remember that night. We were all feeling low for sure and Uncle made us feel so swell. The way he talked about going on being happy and praying for Mother really added up to sense. And Mother did get along all right."

Julia glowed warmly within. It was more than helpful to hear the words of Tom echoed against the sounding board of a sixteen year old mind. It brought him close to her. Comfortingly near. It gave her the stalwart advice she needed as the night crept on. Her jagged nerves seemed mended at



thought of Tom's unfailing composure during any circumstance.

Another time when the talk touched Tom, it was she who drew it there, "By the way, Fran and Barn, don't you think it better not to mention the accident in your letters to California?"

"You are a peach, Aunt Julia," said Frances. "Imagine thinking of Mother and Dad, even now."

Barney said, "O K, just as well not to worry them."

It was almost dawn before the telephone rang. All night long Julia's ears had been straining for that sound, yet when it came she was loath to answer it. At the other end of the wire was a voice which would give her definite news of Tom. Until now she had hoped and hoped. But once she walked across the room and into the hallway where the instrument was she could no longer stave off knowing. It was as though she could hold back the existence on any bad news merely by refusing to permit news of it to come to her over the wires. If the news were good news it would be as good a few minutes from now, hours and days later. It would be good for the rest of her life. But should the news be otherwise she could not go back. Neyer could she walk again the laughter-studded trail she came over more than twenty years with Tom beside her. If she did not hear that things were bad with Tom all the dear associations were yet real and existing. Plans for the future still held. It was yet what they were going to do... unless... The phone pealed out again. She stood up with four pairs of young eyes sharing her anxiety. Dave took her arm, "Shall I answer it, Mother?"

Julia grappled with her weakness. She conquered that momentary cowardice. Quietly she said, "No, I will, son."

She crossed the room as she'd known all along she had to do, and with her crossed all the attendant cohorts of heaven who could not but love Tom. There was a quiver to her hand when she lifted the receiver and she was grateful for the firmness of her "Hello." But all the while her heart was shuddering and if it had been her heart called on to speak it could not have made a sound. Into her ear came the voice of Dr. Jerry Keane, "O K, Julia, O K. Tom will be all right." There was exultation in the voice. She could not have mistaken the message were it given in a foreign tongue. But answer it she could not. With her legs like water in the bones, with her whole being limp in relief she could manage no sound at all. Anxiously Jerry was saying, "Julia, Julia. Are you there? Did you understand? Tom will be all right." Then Julia realized that she could not form coherent words because she was sobbing as she clung there to the

phone. But what she was saying brokenly was intended for the boys and girls near her as much as for Jerry. "Thank God, Thank God!" was all that she could say and comfortingly around her were several pairs of sweet young arms.

"Take it easy, Julia," Jerry said. "Are you all right? Is there some one there with you?"

She managed to say, "I'm quite all right. The children are here."

"Then listen," the doctor continued, "Tom is going to sleep the rest of the night. He regained consciousness and now is sleeping naturally. In the morning you can see him for a very short while. But meanwhile you mustn't worry. It's a matter of time now and a bit of fighting but Tom will be OK."

"I appreciate your calling, Jerry." She was herself again. "Now you must get some rest too."

"I will. But I'm not tired yet. When I think of it I will be of course. But you'll have some resting to do too, Julia. Let those big kids take care of you."

"I will. Goodbye until tomorrow then."

"Goodbye Julia. Goodnight."

"What you need now," said Dave as she replaced the receiver on the hook, "is a good hot cup of coffee while you tell us what Doc said."

"Come on Julia Bennett Manning." Clare's urging arm was thrust through hers.

"Coffee," said Frances, "is a beverage I prepare more than passing well."

"Egotist," said her brother.

It was certainly a different group that gathered in the kitchen from that which had huddled about the fireplace. Julia wiped her eyes hastily, "Now what made me do that," she said.

"Gosh Mom," said Hank, "I don't remember ever seeing you cry before."

Clare patted her Mother in much the same manner as Julia might have consoled her at another time, "Let her alone. She probably needed to cry."

"Hey," said Barney, "how come you know what to prescribe? I thought that Jerry Keane was the Doc's name, not Clare Manning."

"Anyway," persisted Clare, "Mom knows what I mean." Julia did know what her daughter meant. And knowing she further sensed the splendid strength of youth rising about her; these youngsters forgot to think at all of themselves. This, thought Julia, is a family. This is one of those peculiar phenomena that only those favored by motherhood can ever know. This love is here through the black places and the low places. It transports us out of discouragement and distress back to the light. One is never alone where there are children. Even when there are babies they are there to fight for, to help in the fight that is as

much theirs as one's own. Together. It's easier like this. Together.

"Good coffee, sis," commended Barney.

"Imagine." Frances threw up her hands in surprise. "Praise from him."

"Oh I don't know," Barney mused, "I'm not as bad a brother as you'd have these good people believe."

"Nor as good as you'd have them believe either," Hank observed.

Clare said, "Well, if Hank ever has so much as a kind word for me, I'll pass out altogether."

"Then pass out," said Hank. "Because I think you're swell. And Mom is swell and so is the whole darn world as far as I'm concerned."

"Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy," murmured Dave, "tell us again, Mom, what the Doc said about Dad getting well."

"I'll tell you once more and then I'm afraid I'm going to at least suggest that you all go to bed."

The next morning was a busy one for Julia. First of all there was the settling into the routine out of which the sleepless night had jostled them. A bit pale but willing, everyone trotted off to school. She thought it best that they should. Then she hurriedly drove herself toward the hospital. For a brief but satisfactory visit she was able to see Tom. It was a wan and weak Tom swathed in bandages. But it was her own darling Tom and his eyes were direct and grey, and if there was a need for a fight there was the stuff of it gleaming there, and there was not fear looking at her, nor was there any fear gazing back at him.

Only an instant, Sister Irene had stipulated. She leaned over and kissed his cheek against the rough stubble of his beard. "Tom dear," she said. "Julia," was all he answered.

"Get well, Tom, and don't worry about anything."

"My classes?" he asked.

"I'll talk to Dr. Warriner," she promised. Dr. Warriner was the Dean of The School of Mines. He was a learned and kindly man, much respected by his staff. "It will be all right."

The nurse came back into the room and Julia knew it was time to leave.

She climbed into the car and kicking the starter turned again in the direction of Big Butte. She decided to go up to the School of Mines right after lunch and have a talk with Dr. Warriner. There proved however, to be no need of that for who should be awaiting her when she reached home but Dr. Warriner himself.

The Doctor's neat little coupe was parked in front of the house and erect and patient the venerable Doctor Warriner was seated behind the steering wheel, calmly puffing at a short stemmed

pipe. Silver haired and distinguished he had the unhurried air achieved from experience and genuine education. His wasn't a superficial brilliance which feels compelled to demonstrate its own superiority by speed and noise. Rather he was the quiet type, his manner, that of one who has learned that the important things don't change and that less important things are as well not overtaken anyway.

At her approach, Dr. Warriner got out of his car and the two of them met in front of the house. His hand was extended, "My congratulations, Mrs. Manning. Your husband is a very brave man."

"Thank you, Dr. Warriner, I think so too." There was simple pride in her reply, with no relationship to vanity.

"I understand from the hospital that he is much better this morning."

"Oh he is. I've just come from there."

"I rather thought that's where you were," he smiled understandingly.

"They say he'll have to rest for quite awhile. It will be a matter of some weeks before he's around again."

"I suppose that's to be expected. Did he show concern over his work?"

"Yes, Doctor. It's on his mind already."

"I was afraid it might be."

"Do come in, Doctor," Julia suggested; "I'm so grateful for a chance to talk to you."

Once settled in the living room the Doctor said, "I knew he'd worry like that. You see a conscientious teacher is a rare enough species to be conspicuous and Dr. Manning is one of these."

"I know he is," she agreed. "And he was just as conscientious when he was teaching a small rural school in Missouri as he is about his classes at the Mines."

"And he'll be the same when he's Dean Emeritus at some important university. That kind doesn't change."

"Thank you, Doctor."

With a slight clearing of the throat the Doctor went on, "No need to thank me for stating a mere obvious fact, my dear. We're fortunate to include such a man in our faculty. And we're going to keep him as long as we can, Dean Emeritus, notwithstanding."

Julia laughed, "He'll be pleased to hear you said that."

"Will you kindly give him another message then? About his classes he's not to fret. There's a young assistant professor in his department about whom he's spoken to me more than once. Name is Walter McGruder and he's a thoroughly dependable person. I think he'll be an ideal substitute for your

husband, since there must temporarily be one, and Dr. Manning will approve of him too."

"I'm glad to hear that."

"And another thing." Harrumph! "The Doctor has been due for a substantial increase in salary and it could hardly be more timely. It begins today. You might also give that message to your husband; meanwhile I'll explain it to my board." Eyes were twinkling. "And naturally he's to take all the time in the world to get fit again."

"Thank you. You are very thoughtful and kind."

The Doctor was a tall man. He stood up and smiled down at her. "I rather imagine the parents of that little fellow who might have been killed yesterday, have their notions of thoughtfulness and kindness too."

He turned to go. "By the way, Mrs. Manning, may I take the liberty of sending Mr. McGruder to you for notes or other information he may need."

"By all means," she agreed.

Julia moved swiftly in what had to be sketchy house work after she was alone. But what matter. Tom was all right. Let the dusting sift over the furniture if it liked. It would be there when she got around to it.

There were a great many messages to take at the telephone and calls at the door. Everyone was so good. It was such a heartening task to meet kindness at every turn.

"One of the Galvin children came at almost noon. Shyly smiling he held forth a cloth covered parcel from which the fragrance breathed ginger bread. "Gingerbread," he explained with a smile, which was cherubic in spite of the lack of several front teeth. "Mom said to say it was baked at 450 degrees fahrenheit."

"Tell your Mother, Jimmy, I said God bless you all." And he darted off down the hill. From other of the nearby homes there came jellies and a roasted hen and newly baked bread. There were also notes written on lined stationery, "We remembered last night in our prayers." Father Rooney called too. He would go to the hospital in the afternoon. At noon Ruth and Sue were bubbling with excitement and pride.

"Sister Imelda said that my Father is a hero," declared Sue. Since Sister Imelda had said it, it was therefore so and she was almost swollen with her relationship to authentically announced heroism.

Ruth brought the news, "A sister of Peter Cunningham is in my room. Peter's the one that Uncle saved from the truck. Marie, that's the one in my room, said her Mother is coming to see you as soon as her Pa goes to work. He's on the late shift. Peter wasn't in school. Marie said her

Mother said she couldn't let him out of sight yet."

Mrs. Cunningham did come in the afternoon. A small boy tightly clutched her hand and she as tightly held his. "I'm Elizabeth Cunningham," she introduced herself. "This is Peter and it's a heart of gratitude we've brought this day to your door."

Without a word Julia opened wide her arms and in the other woman's embrace she felt an odd comfort that she really hadn't realized she'd needed.

Then Julia drew her into the other room and insisted that she remain for tea. "We'll never forget," Mrs. Cunningham assured her between the hot draughts. Her broad face grew pink in earnestness.

"I know you won't," Julia said.

"And if there's ever the least service any of the Cunninghams can do it will be a kindness to let us know. Not that we can ever pay back."

"Thank you, Mrs. Cunningham."

"Anything, Mrs. Manning. If there's a screen door that himself might mend or some task for you. Anything. Little or great. It will be a privilege."

"You must come to see me again," Julia said.

"And you, us," invited Mrs. Cunningham.

After she had left, Julia felt a certain closeness in thinking of her. And as she recalled the nice little boy named Peter, she was proud all over again of what Tom had done.

*(To be continued)*



Father Wilfrid Popham, Commandant



Father Hubert Umbe

# The Imitation of Mary

*Here is an example which may be followed  
with profit by any lay person or religious.*

**A** CERTAIN MAN, who had done much to propagate devotion to Mary and who, for years, had read all available books on the Blessed Virgin, was urged interiorly to practice this devotion.

Divine Providence had prepared him for this beautiful devotion to Mary by arranging that he would happen across "The Glories of Mary" by Saint Alphonsus Liguori. It was in his second year at college that this book so filled his heart with a desire to spread devotion to Mary throughout the world, that he began to use the means at hand to accomplish this desire. He abridged the book, and with the permission of his Bishop, published about 12,000 copies, nearly all of which were donated to India and the foreign missions.

The next book crossing his pathway was "The Treatise on the True Devotion to the Blessed Mary" by Blessed Louis-Marie Grignon de Montfort. After studying this book for over a period of eight years, it was abridged and published bearing the Imprimatur of Cardinal Mundelein. Some 8,000 copies were sent to the foreign missions in India and elsewhere.

He collected all available data on the Life of Mary. It was during this quest that he found the precious work which appealed most to his mind and heart—that of the "Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary" as manifested by the Blessed Virgin Herself to the Venerable Servant of God, Sister Mary of Agreda, Spain, over three hundred years ago. Sister Mary of Agreda has been declared "Venerable" by the Church, and her writings have been declared free from error.

From these writ-

ings he saw that the first virtues practiced by Mary were Faith, Hope, Charity, Humility, and Thanksgiving. Hence, he tried to reproduce the Life of Mary according to his small capacity, beginning to do so at midnight, December 7-8, 1917. On December 7, 1917, he made the intention, that beginning at midnight—the moment in which Mary's Soul was created—he wished to imitate the purity of intention, the dispositions of the Blessed Virgin which She had during each passing moment, and to offer to God, in the name of all past, present, and future generations of mankind, those Acts which Mary offered to God during each consecutive moment.

From December 8 to September 8—the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, he tried to increase the Theological Virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity in his soul by repeating these acts several times daily.

The outward imitation of Mary was accomplished by the correct use of the eyes and ears. From December 8 to September 8, Mary did not need the use of these senses. Hence, to be like Mary, he guarded more closely his eyes and endeavored to

keep free from all uncharitable conversations, etc. When he reached the imitation of that period in the life of Mary wherein She began to walk, he tried to imitate Her by never walking into places of sin, or that might lead to sin. When Mary began to speak, She was imitated by the avoidance of all idle words. All uncharitable conversations were avoided and gentle and kind words used at all times. This particular practice needs to be guarded and cultivated as long as one imitates the life of Mary.





# ECHOES FROM OUR ABBEY HALLS



Death Comes to Father Martin

**I**N ANY large community the Angel of Death is perforce a somewhat frequent visitor. During the past month he paid our Abbey Family a visit and took from us our venerable senior father, Father Martin Hoppenjans, O.S.B. Death came to Father Martin at St. Mary's Hospital in Evansville, Ind., on Saturday, June 26th, after an illness of about four weeks.

Towards the end of May Father began to grow weak. The offering of Holy Mass became so taxing on his strength that he had to give up its celebration and content himself with the reception of Holy Communion. In the hope that the doctors might be able to renew his ebbing strength, he was taken to the hospital in Evansville at the beginning of June. There Father suf-

fered much from anemia. Then a strange kind of fever developed. This was ultimately discovered to be malaria. In spite of three blood transfusions Father Martin kept growing weaker. There was little pain, just a worn out feeling. He did not care to have visitors, did not care to take medicine, nor to be bothered by the doctors and nurses. All he wanted was to lie and rest. Steadily his condition grew worse. The fever mounted higher and higher until finally just before he died it had passed the 107° mark. His frail frame could stand the strain no longer, and so at 3:38 A.M. on the morning of June 26th, at the age of 79 years, his soul winged its way to God.

Father Martin came to St. Meinrad from Ferdinand, Ind., where he was born on April 16, 1864. At the age of 13 Bernard Hoppenjans, as he was then called, matriculated at St. Meinrad College. That was in September of 1877. In July of 1883 he received the Habit as a Benedictine Novice, and on July 20th of the following year made his religious profession. At that time he received as his patron the great St. Martin of Tours. His ordination to the Priesthood took place on May 26, 1888. In the September following his ordination Father was appointed Sub-Prefect of the College and professor of Latin and Christian Doctrine. Later he also taught English, Geography and History. After five years in the College Department he was sent to Jasper College at Jasper, Ind. There besides serving as professor he also acted as Secretary of the College. At the same time he cared for the Mission at Ireland, Ind. In June of 1903 Father Martin returned to the Abbey. Again he was appointed professor in the College Department, this time teaching English, History, Latin, Christian Doctrine and German.

At the request of Bishop Chart-rand the Benedictines of St. Meinrad

undertook in the year 1912 the organization of a new parish in the growing eastern section of the city of Evansville. The burden of this work fell to Father Martin, who on September 4, 1912, was appointed the first pastor of St. Benedict's Parish in Evansville. The guest house of the Poor Clare Monastery served as the first rectory and the Poor Clare Convent Chapel as the first church for the new parish. This was indeed a humble beginning, but in the 24 years that Father Martin served as pastor he saw his parish steadily grow from the smallest to the largest in Evansville.

In 1914 he built a combination church and school on the site where, unknown to himself, the Little Sisters of the Poor had planted a medal of St. Benedict with the prayer that this spot be chosen for the new parish buildings. This was just across the street from their Home for the Aged. In 1921 he erected the present rectory and in 1927 supervised the erection of the stately basilica type church. His service as pastor of the parish came to an end in September of 1936, when because of failing health and especially serious eye trouble, he returned to his Abbey home. During the last years of his life he did valuable service as Spiritual Director of the Major Seminary.

Father Martin's death in Evansville made it possible for his former parishioners to pay a fitting last tribute to their loving Father. On Sunday, June 27th, his body was taken to the church which he had built, where it lay in state, guarded by a pioneer guard of honor, consisting of older members of the congregation—those who experienced with him the early struggles of the organization of the parish and the construction of its buildings. At 9:00 A.M. on Monday, June 28th, The Most Reverend Joseph E. Ritter, D.D., Bishop of Indianapolis, offered the Pontifical Requiem and gave the Absolution. In a touching talk to the people he paid high tribute to Father for the work he had done. The body was then brought to the Abbey. On Tuesday morning Father Abbot Ignatius sang the Pon-

tifical Funeral Mass. Burial followed in the monastic cemetery. Here Father Martin was laid to rest near Father Thomas Schaefer, his second successor in the pastorate of St. Benedict's, who had already preceded him in death. May he rest in peace!

With the passing of Father Martin a new man has advanced to the honored position of Senior Father. The new Senior is none other than our jolly Father Vincent. Like Father Martin, Father Vincent comes from Ferdinand, Ind. Now persons who do not know Father Vincent might picture him to themselves as an old and decrepit man. But such is by no means the case! One meeting with him and they would have a hard time convincing themselves that he is 78 years old—perhaps we should say 78 years young. According to all predictions Father will have to carry the seniorship for a long time, for as someone has jokingly remarked "he hasn't gotten serious yet," so he can't die for a long time.

Every summer brings its changes in the assignment of duties. This year has been no exception. The establishment of Marmion Military Academy as a Dependent Priory and the appointment of Father Gilbert Hess, O.S.B., as the first Prior has occasioned a number of changes of appointments. Father Gabriel Verkamp, O.S.B., has been selected as the new Pastor of St. Benedict's Parish in Evansville to succeed Father Gilbert. He began his work on July 8th. Father Gabriel's departure from St. Meinrad left a vacancy which has been filled by Father Raphael Hirsch, O.S.B. For the past eight years Father Raphael has been Assistant Pastor at St. Meinrad. Now he becomes Pastor. Father Linus Swartz, O.S.B., will return from St. Ann's Mission, Belcourt, N. D., at the end of July to become the new Assistant at St. Meinrad. Father Stanislaus Maudlin, O.S.B., has already taken Father Linus's place at Belcourt. Onto the shoulders of Father Marcellus

Fisher, O.S.B., have fallen three of the jobs formerly taken care of by Father Raphael, Vestiarius (keeper of the wardrobe), House Warden (maintenance man), and Director of the Laundry. In this work Father Casimir Kot, O.S.B., has been appointed to assist him. Earlier in the summer Father Ernest Schnaus, O.S.B., went to Marmion Military Academy as a professor for the coming year. Father Adelbert Buscher, O.S.B., returned from the Indian Mission at Marty, S. D., and Father Benno Fellingner, O.S.B., took his place. In early August Father Bede Stocker, O.S.B., will go to Ferdinand, Ind., as Assistant to relieve Father Urban Knapp, O.S.B., for service as a Navy Chaplain. September will find Father Gerard Ellspermann, O.S.B., in the College as Father Prefect. In this work he succeeds Father Jerome Palmer, O.S.B., who has held that position for eleven years.

During the summer a number of the younger Fathers are drinking at the wells of knowledge. Fathers Edmund, Adelbert, Conrad, Marion, Kevin, Bonaventure and Jude are taking summer courses at the Catholic University in Washington, D. C. Fathers Raban and Adrian are at Loras College in Dubuque, Iowa, together with Fathers Alcuin and Ernest of Marmion. Father Columban is in Mexico perfecting his Spanish.

And now for the war news. Father Victor styles himself our "African Correspondent." His frequent letters from Africa are always interesting. We strongly suspect that Father Cornelius is out in Australia. At least he is out somewhere in the Pacific. At present Father Alfred is stationed in Louisiana, perhaps ready to jump off. Father Urban is still waiting for his physical examination for the Navy, while Father Joachim expects his induction papers for the Army very soon. Father Peter enjoys the distinction of being our only Auxiliary Chaplain. He regularly cares for the German War Prisoners at Camp Breckenridge, Kentucky.

In the Beginning . . .

By Marie Lauck

**M**Y FINGERS dripped with gore, tingled from joint to joint, and were numbed into insensibility. Stumps they were, so full of pain as to be without feeling. Would they fall off? Still I tapped on. I was uncertain whether the insensibility of touch was due to the tapping or to the tale being tapped.

It was a book I was typing. Our French prof, a woman of versatile genius, had searched out the original documents of the French missionaries. There was ever a dearth of good language-readers, and here in truth was the answer! Students of French would not say this material lacked interest. Every line made the reader more eager for the next. And no American could say the material was not associated with America. Here is the root of pioneering. Here American culture is born. The story of Father Jogues and his heroic Jesuits (recently canonized) is as American as the machine age. The struggle to acquaint the Reds with the altruistic intent of the White Men laid the groundwork for later understanding. Tragedy stalked their trail, indeed. But the missionaries did not fail in their mission. Their heroism and their Christianity gave friendship instead of martyrdom to those after them who blazed the trail. And their discoveries gave France the great Middle West—rich land, America was able to buy, instead of shedding blood for its possession.

Enthusiastically we fingered a map—an honest piece of French realia—Father Marquette's crudely patterned view of the Mississippi country. Our French prof was so spirited that it was too monotonous to hold a mere language class that day. We translated the Old French of the map instead.

Our history prof, a person of unlimited talents, added the American historical notes. I, fortunate freshman, could not type fast enough to keep up with the intriguing readings. Their journey was 1. The Old

## GIVE and TAKE



French to 2. the modern French to 3. the historian's annotations to 4. the idiom—and schoolbook-version. My typed translations sometimes varied from any kind of French as the tale got off my keys into English. This usually happened when I stopped to interpret or piece together the two handwritings on the pencilled notes.

It was a terrible day when the publishers returned the manuscript. *There was too much gore in it!* Imagine! Students who writhe at those midnight radio orgies of hair-raising nonsense and blood-sapping sound effects! Adolescents who scream ecstatically for Frankenstein, the Werewolf, and the Wolf Man! Readers who vote horror tales into best sellers, regardless of moral value! We wondered how these students could possibly be horrified by the actual true stories of American pioneering.

It is no wonder even Catholics are unaware of the tremendous role played by Catholics in the discovery, the settling and the civilizing of this great Democracy. How many know the price, in blood, of freedom? How few so-called cultured readers know that the intimate study of the Indian way of life and his language was entirely due to the Catholic missionaries who alone dared go fearlessly among the aborigines. This study aided later expeditioners in avoiding trouble. The missionaries' example of sterling character and heroism caused the Indians to spare

later explorers. The Indians could have destroyed with treachery all the whites instead of making friends and eventually becoming allies of the pioneers in warfare.

Sophomoric dignity became mine, and even senior pomp, and we yet toiled at book revisions. It was a prouder day than graduation when my copy "autographed by the authors" came from the press.

This, however, is some years ago. My own phrases have become a bit quaint to the modern double-talkers, and still I see no copies of that glorious piece of American lore among the language students' classics.

And so this little reminiscence may be a little out of fashion. It only came to mind because I hear of late so much claque about Democracy and its beginnings. Are not its beginnings the Catholic teachings, from those taught primitive warlike peoples even unto those scorned by modern warlike peoples?

Would not modern students understand America better in relation to the Old Country if they knew more thoroughly the links between? Many American adolescents think that Columbus and George Washington just about sum up all that's interesting of pioneer history, oh yes, and Dan'l Boone, if the adolescent is an adventurous soul. But with Columbus came the Crucifix and with many settlers came Catholic love of freedom, a love the more cherished

# The Troubles of A Boy

Calvin T. Ryan

ONCE we said the first trouble of a boy was to get a good father. Now he has the added trouble of keeping him. Fathers have enlisted in the armed forces. The prospects are strong for their being drafted in even larger numbers.

That isn't all. Many fathers are leaving home to work in construction camps. They follow wherever the government is building bases. Occasionally these fathers live in trailer camps and keep their wives and children with them. But such a life is hardly satisfactory; not for any length of time. Furthermore, the fathers leave early for their work and frequently return late. Some of them work seven days a week. The boy does not have much time to get acquainted with his father. In a very real sense, the boy doesn't keep his father.

War conditions have given us a new type of "broken home." When both father and mother leave early in the morning and work all day, in so far as the children are concerned they have a "broken home." Out of this condition we get "key children." The children carry the key to their front door strung around their neck. The community has the responsibility of looking after them.

So the boy of our time has his troubles. While we may not excuse him, we can understand why he gets into trouble, and why he joins the alarmingly increasing numbers of juvenile delinquents.

If he is moved around from place to place, and spends his time in a trailer camp, he has no chance to establish himself. He has no environment which will become fixed

for having suffered persecution and martyrdom before their coming to the shores of the new land of the free.

If Americans turn white at the bloody warfare of 1943, let them look back toward the beginnings of America. Let them know what torture, blood and gore can be, and how

in his mind as home. And yet, next to home influence, the child's environment plays the most significant part in developing his character. His environment has more to do with his sense of right and wrong than all the lectures on behavior which can be poured upon him.

Justice Jacob Panken of the New York City Juvenile Court says that

## Boy, 13, Accused In Theft at Park

"I don't get a thrill out of doing right and my conscience doesn't bother me when I do wrong," a 13-year-old boy told police yesterday when he was taken into custody for breaking into the East Side park equipment house.

The boy took a power lawn mower worth \$125 and baseball equipment worth \$50, according to police, who said the mower and most of the baseball equipment was recovered. The boy, who was turned over to juvenile authorities, has been guilty of several offenses previously, it was said. He was taken into custody by Detectives Temme and Youngblood.

these boys who come into juvenile courts do not know that any world other than the one in which they live exists. They do not read. They can not develop a wholesome imagination. They take out their creative energy in crime. "Playing" the game of Cop and Robber is a daily happening with them. Sometimes it is their only means of livelihood. We are coming to feel sorry for these boys. They are victims of their surroundings. They suffer from results

heroically it can be endured, if there be but the true Faith in the heart of the sufferer. An American who comprehends what has been suffered that he may have American freedom, will not flinch before his own duty in the fight for freedom.

And so I wish sometimes that the remarkable historical and word-

the causes of which they do not create.

Nebraska makes provision for the care of its unfortunate children who suffer from physical handicaps. Yesterday two little boys, one ten and the other nine, were brought to our speech clinic. Each boy was suffering from inability to talk normally. This speech difficulty has retarded them in school and is beginning to influence their personality development. State authorities sent them to us for diagnosis. As we always do in such examinations, we wanted to know first about the parents and the home life of the boys. With one, it was a broken home as a result of a divorce. With the other, it was a broken home as a result of the death of the father. In both instances the mother was trying to make a home for the boy, but it was not satisfactory.

Three of us in the clinic examined the boys separately and together. We arrived at the same conclusion. The correction of the speech trouble would start with the improvement of the home surroundings. There was the cause, and no amount of work with either boy would be effective so long as he had to live with his mother in such a poverty-stricken condition. The boys have no organic trouble. While their intelligence is not high, it would be sufficient to make them useful citizens, but whether they will grow up as such will depend on what step the state takes to improve their environment.

The troubles of a boy may still be his father. It may be his mother. When the father leaves home for the armed forces, he leaves the mother with a double duty. When

pictorial genius of the book I only typed would write in English that long unwritten saga of American discovery. And though she doesn't, some classes of the French language would find quite enlightening that unique little piece of text: "*L'Aurore de la Nouvelle France*," Bruce Publishing Co., 1934.



the mother leaves home for war work, or any other kind of work, she must realize that she has two jobs. The writer happened to be in a school nurse's office one morning when two little boys came in. One said he had some trouble with his ear. The other had cut his hand. Before the nurse could look at the boy's ear she had to have him wash it with soap and water. While he was at it, he washed his face and combed his hair. He hadn't done either one for several mornings. In securing the necessary information for the boy's record, the nurse learned that the boy lived in a trailer two miles from school, and that neither his mother nor his father helped him get ready for school.

The boy with the injured hand had to wash and soak it before the nurse could tell how much was injured and how much was just dirt. He too came from a trailer house, where neither parent paid any attention to him.

It is always pathetic to find boys of ten and twelve left to themselves. They simply aren't mature enough to make decisions, to face life without some help. Recently a boy of eleven was arrested in Omaha, Nebraska, and taken into police court, charged with theft. "Leisure class mothers, too, have grown careless of their daughters in the stress of war," I read in a recent magazine. There is no reason to believe that those mothers are any more careful of their boys, if they are fortunate enough to have more than one child.

Give a boy a chance to be good, and he will not be bad. A boy needs activity. He needs to be doing

## Editorial

### BUBBING CRIMINALS

Some communities in this country, including our own, now seem to be suffering from an epidemic of bad boys. They stay out late at night and get into various kinds of mischief, including such serious things as burglary and arson. Such gangs, ranging in age from 10 or 12 years to 17 or 18, seem to take special delight in destruction for its own sake. They break into homes when the owners are absent and often do thousands of dollars' worth of damage.

Scared and scandalized grown-ups get nowhere by merely characterizing such lads as "bad" or "vicious" and punishing them as they seem to deserve. There is a big problem behind such break-downs in the normal civilized behavior of young people. It is a psychological as well as a moral question. And the main factor is the war.

What do the boys discover as they go to the movies and read the current news and see the war pictures in the papers and learn what is going on about the world? Destruction almost everywhere. A sort of world orgy of fire and slaughter. Civilization apparently reversed and normal standards of human behavior turned upside down. Rather naturally, the weak and mentally "suggestible" ones turn to violence, theft and arson.

It will be a barren victory if the war is won at the cost of juvenile delinquency and reversion to barbarism on the home front. Young people, especially the imaginative and imitative "teen-age" boys, must have more attention and control and more constructive things to do.

—Evansville (Ind.) Courier

something. Communities with the right kind of recreational activities have very little trouble with their boys. Communities which have those activities are fortunate, for we need them more than ever. The boys of seventeen and eighteen are being taken care of. But the boys in the early teens are frequently ignored. If they live in an urban community they need places for swimming, for playing ball, for dancing, and for home talent plays. Happily my home town is continuing the major school music activities during the summer. The boys can play in the orchestra, in the band, and the better players can be in the city band, or in the American Legion drum corps.

Dr. Eleanor Glueck, the Harvard criminologist, says we had already experienced a weakening of our moral fiber of family and community life before the war started. She cites as proof divorce increase, weakening of family ties, and the rise in drinking. And Dr. Glueck says we must strengthen "the moral climate of the times." We are to do that by "re-weaving into the fabric of community life a faith in the homely virtues." It sounds very much as though Dr. Glueck would have us return to the teachings of the Church, and to reinstate the teachings of God in our lives. We might recommend a return of the homely virtue of Children, obey your parents. Of course that will mean parents who are worthy of being obeyed, and parents who are worthy of having children. Rearing a child for God ought to be a serious matter, and one requiring knowledge; yes, prayer for wisdom.

### Important Notice

Will subscribers who live in cities where zoning numbers have been assigned kindly send us their zone number together with the complete address and name as soon as possible. Print the complete address on a government post card and mail to

The Grail  
St. Meinrad, Indiana

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If you wish to help our Catholic men and women in the service in a needed spiritual way, may be suggest that you cooperate with the Defenders of the Faith. Full particulars on request. Address:

Defenders of the Faith  
Father Richard Felix, O.S.B., Director  
Conception, Missouri

# My Victory Garden

Placidus Kempf, O.S.B.

That patch of weeds  
In my back lot  
By honest toil and sweat  
I've filled with seeds—  
My garden plot—  
Ah, what a crop I'll get!



The sun beamed down,  
I watered, too,  
And WEEDS began to sprout.  
My furrowed frown  
Asked, What to do  
Besides sit here and pout?



"SEEDS CERTIFIED"  
Within each bed?—  
It made my hot blood boil.  
Somebody lied!  
A wee voice said:  
"The trouble's in the soil."



Ah, that's all rot!  
I fertilize  
The ground, I'll have you know.  
And so, now what?  
My friend, so wise—  
Why don't the — seeds grow.



"Be patient, friend,  
All will be well;  
There's something wrong no doubt.  
It's for that end  
I've come to tell—  
Perhaps the coupling's out.



"You toil and sow,  
And water, too,  
But GOD the increase gives.  
St. Paul, you know,  
Writes that to you—  
Through GOD each being lives.

"But that He may  
Now cause to grow  
Each seed in its neat bed,  
It's plain as day  
His help can't flow  
Unless to Him you're wed.



"Your garden hose  
A coupling has,  
Made for the hydrant plug;  
But water flows  
Through it if, as  
You know, it's firm and snug.



A Dream Fulfilled

"Grave sin will break  
That link unseen  
That God with you had fused;  
Again to make  
The coupling, keen  
Contrition must be used."



Not bad! I see  
Your point—right now  
I'll make that coupling tight.  
You spoke to me  
Of soil and how  
That might produce this blight.

"Put 'heart' for 'soil,'  
The medium  
Through which God's blessings flow;  
Then of your toil  
This fruit will come—  
Your seeds will sprout and grow.



"Your heart's a plot  
Full of bad seeds,  
Which Adam sowed of old;  
They sleep, then rot,  
And sprouting weeds  
Increase a hundredfold.



"Pluck out a weed  
And in its stead  
The seeds of virtue sow,  
And soon you'll heed  
Them in each bed  
All sprouting row on row.



"A large supply  
Of JUSTICE plant  
For all men whom you meet;  
Then they will vie,  
With eyes aslant,  
Your bumper crop to beat.



"Keep moist LOVE'S germ,  
Its tender shoots,  
That they may fructify,  
And kill self's worm,  
That cuts the roots  
So that true love must die."



My thanks, kind friend,  
For helping me!  
As I my garden view  
From end to end  
I plainly see  
An ardent dream come true.

B.

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